THE SHAKESPEARE ASSOCIATION BULLETIN

SAMUEL A. TANNENBAUM, *Editor*

Contributing Editors

MRS. ROBERT CARLTON MORRIS ROBERT M. SMITH WILLIAM T. HASTINGS

Advisory Board

JOSEPH Q. ADAMS HARDIN CRAIG WILLIAM ALLAN NEILSON

VOL. XVI APRIL, 1941 No. 2

CONTENTS

		PAGE
The Rebirth of Tragedy	*William Van O'Connor*	67
"The Lunatic, The Lover and The Poet"	*M. Ellwood Smith*	77
Images in *The Faerie Queene* Drawn from Flora and Fauna,	*Grace Warren Landrum*	89
Performances of Shaksperian Plays at Covent Garden and Drury Lane Theaters,	*Margaret Ruth Lewery*	102
Raw Materials for a Shakspere Biography	*Samuel A. Tannenbaum*	104
A Borrowing from Caviceo for the Legend of Romeo and Juliet,	*William F. J. DeJongh*	118
Notes on Shylock, Angelo and Falstaff	*A. S. Pushkin*	120
Communications:		
Notes on Shylock, Angelo and Falstaff	*Albert Ségal*	122
A Second Daniel	*Robert Withington*	123
The Fencing Match in Hamlet	*Allan H. Gilbert*	124
How Much of Shakspere Did Voltaire Know?	*Percy G. Adams*	126
Editorial Notes and Comments	*S. A. T.*	127

Published quarterly, in January, April, July, and October, by The Shakespeare Association of America, Inc., 601 West 113th Street, New York.

Subscription rate, $2.00 per year, postpaid. Single copies, fifty cents.

Membership in the Association includes annual subscription.

All correspondence relating to the conduct of the BULLETIN should be addressed to Dr. Samuel A. Tannenbaum, 601 West 113th Street, New York, N. Y.

Other matters relating to the work of the Association should be referred to the Secretary.

Copyright, 1937, by The Shakespeare Association of America, Inc.

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2026

https://archive.org/details/shakespeare-association-bulletin_1941-04_16_2

THE REBIRTH OF TRAGEDY

By WILLIAM VAN O'CONNOR

PERHAPS we have passed beyond the years when psychology was "the thing," the years in which man was a guinea pig in human form. In glancing backwards we can attempt to see what effect the "temper" of a psychology-conscious era had on tragedy. One cannot, obviously, blame the psychologists for having belittled man! theirs was the "science" which lent itself most easily to "proving that man was a bundle of reflexes, complexes, hormones and chromosones who could be played upon like an intricate musical instrument." The "sounds" that came out of him depended on the nature of the twitch and noise the expert wanted to effect.

It was, and no doubt still is, the belief of many that tragedy is a genre that is dead, a part of a past world which believed in the nobility of man. These people can understand how tragedy was written in the Renaissance, for Renaissance man was preoccupied with the evil of sin and man's rising superior to it. "Such a drama developed because it could not be otherwise. Elizabethan tragedy originally sprang from Seneca, himself a moralist. It accorded with the Christian and largely medieval sentiments of its authors and audience and, incidentally, justified itself before the formidable Puritan censor by its moral tone. No subject was more thrilling than sin."[1] Sin was one of the chief ways in which a hostile and heavy fate was brought into activity against man. Faustus falls before a revenging justice; and Macbeth's tragedy, of course, arose from an ambition that led him into great sins. Lust, murder, corruption, degeneracy were the prime movers of tragedy. The chief character in Elizabethan tragedy is "a sufferer who is fallible but who enlists our sympathy because of a greatness of heart. We associate ourselves with the tragic victim, as ourselves offered by vicarious sacrifice upon the altar of the stage, and find our hearts redeemed and our fears softened by awareness of the majesty of this atonement."[2] The basis, then, for almost all Elizabethan tragedy is morality, man's failure to observe one or more of the moral laws, and the tragic hero's recog-

nition of his fault before his ultimate downfall. But, say and said, some of our contemporaries, if man is not responsible for his acts how can he choose between morality and immorality—in brief, how can we consider anyone either noble or ignoble?

Some years ago Professor Krutch, associated with *The Nation,* most forward-looking of the intellectual journals, wrote a book entitled *The Modern Temper,* a book which caused considerable stir in undergraduate classrooms and, no doubt, an equal furor in the more "profound" discussion groups of graduates and social commentators. The illusions of the nineteenth century had gone and the men of the nineteen hundreds who had unmasked the illusions had "begun to doubt that rationality and knowledge have any promised land into which they may be led." Mark Van Doren put it thus:

> "There is a game for players still to play,
> Pretending that the board was never lost,
> But still the painted counters will decay
> And knowledge sit alone to count the cost."

One unmasked illusion—that man was a noble being—threatened to destroy the great art of dramatic and literary tragedy. Indeed, said Professor Krutch in *The Tragic Fallacy,* the reconciliation to life by means of the tragic spirit is . . . now only a fiction surviving in art. When that art itself has become meaningless, when we have ceased not only to write but to *read* tragic works, then it will be lost and in all real senses forgotten, since the devolution from Religion to Art to Document will be complete (p. 143).

Krutch calls us (1) an "emotionally enfeebled" people. Beside the works of Shakspere or Sophocles, he asks us to set such contemporary dramas as *The Ghosts* and *The Weavers.* Obviously there is only contrast in the magnitude of the Greek and Elizabethan works and the respective works of Ibsen and Hauptmann. Shakspere's "conception of human dignity, his sense of the importance of human passions, his vision of the amplitude of human life simply did not and could not exist for Ibsen, as they did not and could not exist for his contemporaries" (p. 117). He would have

us contrast *Hamlet* ("in understanding, how like a god!)" with Oswald Alving who "has inherited syphilis from his father." It will be recalled that when Oswald learns the truth about his condition he "persuades his mother to poison him." The incidents prove, perhaps, that pastors should not endeavor to keep a husband and wife together unless they know what they are doing. But what a world is this in which a great writer can deduce nothing more than that from his greatest work and how are we to be purged or reconciled when we see it acted? Not only is the failure utter, but it is trivial as well (p. 132).

(2) He believes that we cannot agree with Aristotle that there are "noble" actions, for "no one knows what a *noble* action is or whether or not such a thing as nobility exists in nature apart from the mind of man" (p. 121).

(3) "A too sophisticated society," he continues, which "has outgrown not merely the simple optimism of the child but also that vigorous, one might almost say adolescent, faith in the nobility of man which marks Sophocles or Shakespeare, has neither fairy tales to assure it that all is always right in the end nor tragedies to make it believe that it rises superior in soul to the outward calamities which befall it" (p. 128).

(4) Lastly, Krutch has written: "the tragic spirit sustains itself by an assumption" that is not "justified;" in tragedy man is seen "Occupying the exact center of a universe which would have no meaning except for him." "His passions are important throughout all time and space; the very fact that he can sin (no modern can) means that this universe is watching his acts; and though he may perish, a God leans out from his infinity to strike him down. And it is exactly because Ibsen cannot think of man in any such terms as these that his persons have so shrunk that his 'tragedy' has lost that power which real tragedy always has of making that infinitely ambitious creature man content to accept his misery if only he can be made to feel great enough and important enough. An Oswald is not a Hamlet chiefly because he has lost that tie with the supernatural world which the latter had" (pp. 34-35).

One may easily be reminded today in reading the essay by Professor Krutch of a poem in which a contemporary commentator has T. S. Eliot walk to the top of a promontory. Behind him is Desolation, the land through which he has come; he knows he cannot go back. Before him is Nothingness. Does he leap headlong into the infinite blackness? No, he stands, or perhaps sits, there! There is no climax. The life of Eliot goes on—just sitting there on the promontory. (This was written, of course, before Eliot decided to heed the church bells. And it is quite possible that Eliot's about-face may be an indication that the intellectual world is to see a reaffirmation in the powers of man.) And lesser lives than that of Eliot go on. People go on because they hope. Maxwell Anderson, in terms of tragedies for the contemporary stage, puts it thus: "An audience watching a play will go along with it [the tragedy] only when it considers a higher moral impulse than moved him [the central character] at the beginning of the story, though the audience will of course define morality as it pleases and in terms of its own day. It may be that there is no absolute up or down in this world, but the race believes that there is, and will not hear of any denial." It took Anderson a series of autumnal failures to learn this: that a chief character must be *noble,* must see his past failure and change for the better; otherwise the stage "tragedy" will fail. But before we return to the book from which we have just now quoted,[3] to the theories of this currently successful writer of tragedies, let us attempt to evaluate the validity of the reasons Professor Krutch has proffered as the basis for his belief that tragedy will one day be a lost art.

In asking us to contrast Ibsen and Shakspere Professor Krutch is asking us to put a distinguished dramatist next to a Promethean; the former wrote serious plays, the latter wrote "pure tragedy." One can likewise put the works of Jonson, or Middleton, or Marston beside those of Shakspere and be forced to conclude that these works, too, are not only failures but "trivial as well." Middleton, to take one example from among Shakspere's contemporaries, wrote in a disillusioned vein; he was scornful rather than sympathetic, he wrote of ignoble, despicable figures. He chose to

ignore, or perhaps did not see, the heroic. With such limited subject matter, limited even as Ibsen's was limited, it was impossible for Middleton to become a great tragic writer. One of the keen observations of Maxwell Anderson is relevant here: "In [Shakspere's] *Troilus and Cressida* Troilus discovers that Cressida is a light woman. He draws from her defection the inference that all women are faithless—that faith in woman is the possession of fools. As a consequence he turns away from life and seeks death [?] in a cause as empty as the love he has given up, the cause of the strumpet Helen. All the glory of Shakespeare's verse cannot rescue the play for an audience, and save in *Macbeth* Shakespeare nowhere wrote so richly, so wisely, or with such a flow of brilliant metaphor" (p. 11). Here Shakspere was following a contemporary fad—a type of drama that Jonson had called "comicall satyre."[4] If he had continued to write in this satiric vein we can only guess to what position among the minor dramatists he would be consigned today.

Secondly, it makes little difference whether or not "nobility exists in nature apart from the mind of man." Man is not concerned with nature except in so far as it affects his well-being. And when Mr. Krutch says "no one knows what a *noble* action is," it seems that he means man is conditioned by his environment, or as T. S. Eliot once put it, man "is turned by that which he thinks he turns." His physical and mental gifts are from the great god Chance; and a given set of circumstances, as the psychologists like to put it, will affect a given individual in a definite way. Therefore man is neither to be blamed nor rewarded for what he does or does not do. Which, of course, as far as it goes, is probably true. But if the immediate stimuli causing any given result are changed the resultant action is likewise changed. If an individual, for example, recognizing that the stimuli or environment affecting him can be changed for the better, and he moves to change it, thereby "righting a wrong," then we view such a choice as a victory of the mind over nature. And if the individual loses his life in learning this and in changing his environment, he becomes for us a tragic hero. The *stage* version of *The Fifth Column* offers us a young man who awakens to the importance of his giving his life

to fighting against a vicious system. His own past cynicism is burned out in the powerful emotions that urge this dedication. *Key Largo* has for its tragic hero a man who wars within himself for having betrayed the confidence of a group of young idealists who had respected him. He, too, gives his life in an effort to restore decency to a little piece of the world.

The old Hemingway, the man intoxicated with a sense of rough masculinity and brute, unrestricted force, has in his latest book turned his back on the cynical temper of the 'twenties. His newest, and likely his best, fictional hero, Robert Jordan, takes his place beside Tom Joad, Mio, Abraham Lincoln, and all tragic heroes, who, having been conquered, die unconquered. There is a brief hesitation, a moment in which the older spirit of the 'twenties comes in conflict with the new; Robert Jordan is soliloquizing as he lies under a tree on a Spanish battleground: "Don't get cynical. The time is too short and you have just sent her away. Each one does what he can. You can do nothing for yourself but perhaps you can do something for another." His act of faith follows: "I have fought for what I believed in for a year now. If we win here we will win everywhere. The world is a fine place and worth the fighting for and I hate very much to leave it . . . You've had as good a life as any because of these last days. You do not want to complain when you have been so lucky. I wish there was some way to pass on what I've learned. Christ, I was learning fast there at the end." In the death of Robert Jordan the world sustains a great loss: he has the capacity for understanding and seems, at his death, to have been approaching a state of mind where he can fathom the war and his part in it; he endures his suffering courageously for a single purpose, to kill another rebel soldier—"And if you wait and hold them up even a little while, or just get that officer, that may make all the difference. One thing well done can make . . ." He has approached an understanding of the evil in his immediate world, he sees himself as a part of humanity; and the reader comes to know "for whom the bell tolls"—for humanity in him.

Thirdly, every individual and every age differs in the quality and the nature of the faith we put in our fellows.

Doubtless leisurely post-war America had less faith in man's nobility and power than most ages have had. But not even Shakspere, contrary to Mr. Krutch's statement, accepted the dictum that in the end "all is always right." Nor does anyone have to believe it to have faith "in the nobility of man." But, apparently, in the latter part of the nineteen-thirties (and it may likewise prove to be true of the nineteen-forties) there was, and is, a growing belief in the ability of man to "rise superior to the outward calamities which befall" him. One need only to witness the success and the acclaim with which Steinbeck's *The Grapes of Wrath* has been received to know that there are thousands in contemporary America who believe that there are many Tom Joads who have the capacity for lifting themselves above their circumstances, though they lose their lives in doing it. While it is not a tragedy, *The World We Make,* dramatized from a story by Millen Brand, in its very title is indicative of a new spirit on the American stage. A young woman, deemed to be incurably insane, escapes from a hospital, and comes to New York City. Courageously she fights off a belief that had driven her mad. Tiring her body in strenuous work, attempting an adjustment with a normal world, she moves toward a victory over the irrational fears that had unset her mind. Years of suffering are rewarded by what she knows to be a permanent return to sanity.

The last of Mr. Krutch's statements—that man has "lost that power which real tragedy always has of making that infinitely ambitious creature man content to accept his misery if only he can be made to feel great enough and important enough"—is the gravest fallacy in his entire thesis on "The Tragic Fallacy." It is not necessary to believe that one's actions or "passions are important throughout all time and space." It is enough that one's actions are important here and now, among one's fellows, that they typify society's struggle and efforts to improve its collective lot.

A corollary to this is even more important: whereas sin was the factor that motivated Renaissance tragedy, in our current tragedy the *irrational* has taken the place of *sin.* Hitherto the tragic hero had to rise above his sin, today the

tragic hero must conquer the irrational, must understand. Maxwell Anderson writes: "The hero who is to make the central discovery in a play must have some variation of what Aristotle calls a tragic fault—and the reason he must have it is that when he makes his discovery he must change both in himself and in his action. The fault can be a very simple one—a mere unawareness, for example . . ." In *Abe Lincoln in Illinois* the discovery is made by Lincoln "that he has been a coward, that he has stayed out of the fight for the Union because he was afraid." This produces a "profound emotional effect" on Lincoln and "gives an entirely new direction to the play" (*op. cit.*, p. 7). Lincoln finally reached an understanding within himself, the realization that he could and would bring order out of chaos. In that realization he became noble.

Perhaps tragedy has now discovered itself once more, after (as Mr. Krutch has been so painfully aware) an age of despair. In glancing backwards we can see that dramatists and novelists had to wait for several years after feeling the first impact of the depression-world before they could recognize the advent of a new body of beliefs. Perhaps Maxwell Anderson's *Winterset* (1935) was the first drama to set the contemporary theatre in a hitherto unperceived direction. Breadlines, poverty; the shadow of disaster was in the murky atmosphere over the bridgehead, and over the dreary little world that Mio came upon one December morning. In search of revenge for his father's death, he found instead an understanding of the futility of his hatreds:

> "I think I'm waking from a long trauma of hate and fear and death that's hemmed me from my birth—and glimpse of life to be lived in hope—but it's young in me yet, I can't get free, or forgive! But teach me how to live and forget to hate!
> *Miriamne.* He would have forgiven.
> *Mio.* He?
> *Miriamne.* Your father.
> *Mio.* Yes. You'll think it strange, but I've never remembered that . . . I came here seeking light in darkness, running from the dawn, and stumbled on a morning."

And with Mio's personal understanding a new day was

born, during which the rational mind was seen to strive toward mastery of the irrational.

Such contemporary writers as Max Lerner and C. G. Jung tell us—the former explicitly, the latter implicitly—that the intellectual movement of our day is the attempt to understand the irrational. Man, with his rational powers, is striving to comprehend, as far as that may be possible, his own irrational acts, the irrationality of certain political and social systems. Such a design for understanding is implicit in our national consciousness of propaganda as a force against which the rational mind must fight. We must fight irrationality with rationality. Tom Joad, Oklahoma born, looks up at the California fruit grower and says, "What's all this talk about reds? What's a red?" unaware that it was a word that could be used as a weapon against him, a weapon far more powerful than a club. He is trying to understand, so he may rise superior to the forces that threaten to beat him down. Tom's joining with the pickers in their efforts to unionize is his first great step toward enlightenment. Soon, he recognizes that he as an individual is important only in that he can help to right a tremendous wrong. In him the contemporary reader sees man once again superior to his environment. He does not have to be a "superior" being—we no longer believe that a man has to be in a high station in life to be a nobleman—to be a truly tragic figure. He may be an uneducated laborer attempting to set right injustices. He may make mistakes that will cause his head to be bashed in. But if he can see his errors, even though he has failed to master the hostile forces which he at last understands, then he is no less a truly tragic figure than is Lear, or Othello, or Hamlet, or Coriolanus. The reader sees in Joad, when he walks over the hilltop in the dawn to take part in labor struggles, an indomitable figure, one of those "infinitely ambitious creatures," who knows that though he will perish he will be victorious in his defeat. And with this rebirth of contemporary tragedy has come, as might be expected, an intense renewal of interest in Shakspere on the New York stage.

It no longer seems that the art of Tragedy is ineluctably

declining, moving quickly along the path which leads from "Religion to Art to Document." To a contemporary Broadway audience *Julius Caesar* in modern dress was not an anachronism, but an anti-fascist play whose hero was similar in one important respect to contemporary tragic heroes. The tragic hero of Robert Sherwood's *The Petrified Forest* once had sold himself to a wealthy "art-loving" woman; but, having recognized his fault, he knew he would never prostitute himself again. Rather, he would give his life to make it possible for a young girl to live a fruitful, happy life as an artist. Brutus had, and held to, a similar concept of personal dignity. He had erred in aiding the envious murderers of Caesar; but, having erred, he would not further cheapen himself by robbery:

> "For I can raise no money by vile means. —
> By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
> And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
> From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
> By any indirection . . ." (IV, iii, 71)

Maxwell Anderson asked, at the time of the production of *Winterset,* to have the play compared to *Hamlet.* Both Hamlet and Mio are obsessed with desire for revenge. There is a difference in the motivation of the plays: Hamlet has failed to fulfill the charge that Providence has laid upon him, until, as a result of his delays, he has caused the deaths of Polonius, Ophelia, the Queen, Laertes, and himself; Mio sees, too late, the futility of his hatred. The difference in the two plays is not *essential.* The Renaissance man fought against the evil of sin, the contemporary man fought against irrationality. The tragic hero of a Shakspere or of a Maxwell Anderson have one important characteristic in common: in spite of their weaknesses, ultimately they triumph in spirit over the forces that destroy them.

Ohio State University, Derby Hall
Columbus, Ohio.

---

[1]Henry W. Wells, *Elizabethan and Jacobean Playwrights,* 1939, p. 58.
[2]*Ibid.,* p. 15.
[3]Maxwell Anderson, *The Essence of Tragedy,* 1939.
[4]See O. J. Campbell, *Comicall Satyre and Shakespeare's 'Troilus and Cressida',* 1939.

"THE LUNATIC, THE LOVER AND THE POET"

By M. Ellwood Smith

> "And then, lastly, there is the man who perceives rightly in spite of his feelings, and to whom the primrose is forever nothing else than itself — the little flower, apprehended in the very plain and leafy fact of it, whatever and how many soever the associations and passions may be, that crowd around it."

ONE observes with a certain amusement that Shakspere introduces among the personages of his dramas the figure of a poet only twice, and on both occasions to ridicule him; whereas the player, the vulgarities of whose profession he deprecates so feelingly, he presents directly and in allusion with evident partiality and often with what seems almost a wistful tenderness. It is also remarkable that the "poor player" who coveted the status of gentleman and got for himself a coat-of-arms, was also the playwright who made synthetic gentility ridiculous on the stage through the clown who boasted himself a gentleman born before his father.

Shakspere could accept the advantages accorded by society to gentility, yet see clearly the artifice; he could long to be divorced from the contempt poured upon the players by Ben Jonson and the statutes, and yet feel loyally for their essential merit. Consistently by the side of personal feeling, like this longing for gentility, there existed dominantly at the same time a capacity to see things as they were, unaffected by bias or personal advantage. Stated baldly, this seems a small matter when related to some mean or individual consideration, such as personal advantage; but the man whose thinking is undeflected by personal advantage is not likely to be disturbed by emotions of other, less immediate, origin.

Shakspere is the least sentimental of poets. Critics of Shakspere have not been unsentimental. No soul ever had a more magnificent adventure bumping up against masterpieces than Hazlitt recreating Falstaff. But when the critic writes, "that it does not seem quite certain whether the

account of his hostess's bill, found in his pocket, with such an out-of-the-way charge for capons and sack with only one half-pennyworth of bread, was not put there by himself as a trick to humour the jest upon his favorite propensities, and as a conscious caricature of himself," we know that Hazlitt has gone beyond Shakspere in the creation of a character.

It is unquestioned that Shakspere had a warm spot in his heart for Falstaff. One might argue about Shakspere's attitude toward his creation as Browning does in "Saul," when he makes David reason that if he, David, the imperfect creature, could love Saul so much, the all-inclusive and all-perfect Creator would love him more. One might argue that if Hazlitt the critic, and A. C. Bradley, and others could love Falstaff so much, Shakspere would have loved him more. But Shakspere does not fudge on fundamentals. Falstaff ended precisely where Falstaff with the propensities he possessed would have ended. There is no clearer indication of Shakspere's intention than that to be found in the famous scene in which Falstaff has come up to London, assured that the young king is sick for him, and casually remarks, in the moment of his disappointment, "Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pounds." As a closing episode Sir John has diddled Master Shallow. He is unregenerate and as such he is presented. From the glamorous high spirits of *Part I* with the young Prince through the more sordid associations of the hostess and Pistol of *Part II* to the touching illiteracy of his final obituary by the hostess, Sir John runs his course, unsentimentalized, inevitable. Who could have responded to popular demand and natural human sympathy, as it seems evident Shakspere did in building up Sir John, without falsifying or yielding to the temptations which controlled Hazlitt and Bradley, except the poet who could provide adequately for Falstaff's demise in twenty lines by the hostess.

That Shakspere saw differently from the critics perhaps accounts for the fact that one of his shrewdest strokes of humor is overlooked or condemned as brutal. Falstaff fights with the Douglas and falls down as if dead, to escape

further peril. The Prince fights with Hotspur, kills him, comments on the supposedly dead Falstaff, and withdraws. Falstaff cautiously rises, looks at the dead Percy, and exclaims, "How if he should counterfeit too and rise? By my faith, I am afraid he would prove the better counterfeit. Therefore I'll make him sure; yea, and I'll swear I killed him. *Why may not he arise as well as I?* Nothing confutes me but eyes, and nobody sees me. Therefore, sirrah [*stabbing him*], with a new wound in your side, come you along with me." Who but Falstaff could have imagined the fiery Percy resorting to such an ignoble subterfuge as feigning death to avoid danger? But Falstaff could imagine this, and the reason is clear, because that is what Falstaff not only would have done, but had done. To the sentimentalist the indignity done by Falstaff to Percy is intolerable. To the objective student of human nature the reasoning of Falstaff is incomparable.

Mr. Bradley conceived of Shakspere as having built up Falstaff to the point where he could not tear him down again in the sympathies of his audience, with the consequence that we feel disappointed on the occasion of his rejection by his old companion become king. If we are so inclined, we can feel very rueful for "true Jack Falstaff," who has come up post haste in his loyal expectation of a perpetual round of open house only to be rebuffed by the king's, "I know thee not, old man; fall to thy prayers." Has Shakspere unwittingly built up his character to so high a pitch of sympathy that it is impossible for the reader to experience the purely comic emotion at the end of the play obviously intended? The same question naturally arises at the end of the *Merchant of Venice* and of *Twelfth Night.*

Beginning with a mercenary, Shakspere builds up his Shylock as the proud and resentful representative of a despised race, as a father whose sacred feelings have been exploited by Christians who do not scruple to pillage while they seduce, and finally as a husband whose most sacred memories have been desecrated.

> *Tubal:* One of them showed me a ring that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

> *Shylock:* Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal: it was my turquoise; I had it of Leah when I was a bachelor; I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys.

This unsurpassable combination of the pathetic and the grotesque, exhibiting in a line the full emotional range of Shylock's character, is immediately followed by:

> Go, Tubal, fee me an officer: bespeak him a fortnight before. I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for, were he out of Venice, *I can make what merchandise I will.*

Shakspere has built Shylock up into an intensely complex and human personality, and here in one line, as it were, he wrings his neck and reduces him to the mercenary with whom he began.

If we feel sorry at the end of the comedy for Falstaff, then we must feel sorry on similar grounds for Shylock, and I should add, at the end of *Twelfth Night,* for Malvolio. If "in the Falstaff scene he [Shakspere] overshot his mark," as Bradley believes, then we must infer that he also overshot the mark in Shylock and in Malvolio. Can it be that the mark at which Shakspere was shooting and the mark we set up for Shakspere are not one and the same?

It is true that many readers of *Twelfth Night* come away with a feeling of pity for Malvolio, but it is possible to imagine that Shakspere, at the end of the comedy, considered the clown's speech as tragic: "Why, 'some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrown upon them.' I was one, Sir, in this interlude; one Sir Topas, Sir; but that's all one. 'By the Lord, fool, I am not mad.' But do you remember? 'Madam, why laugh you at such a barren rasca!? And you smile not, he's gagged;' and thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges"? Olivia declares that Malvolio has been notoriously abused and the Duke gives commands to pursue and entreat him to obedience, but the clown's talk remains the climax of the comedy. Can we seriously suppose that Shakspere intended Malvolio to be a pathetic figure, or to return, Shylock tragic? Just as in Falstaff, and in Shylock, Shakspere incorporated something of the universal; so too

in Malvolio, the complacent, he incorporated something which human nature reluctantly recognizes, ruefully it is true, as a portrait of itself. Who can declare that he has at all times resisted the incitements of flattery and self-love? Who can look back over his career and not find that most embarrassing moment when he arrayed himself in yellow stockings and cross-garters to his own fatuous admiration and the ridicule of the discerning? But can our own self-pity protect these characters from the disinterested regard of the Comic Spirit?

Dr. Stoll is right, incontrovertably right, in pointing to the fallacy of treating the characters of Shakspere as if they were actual human beings. He seems wrong in pressing his theory of theatrical artifice to an extreme. Shakspere was, of course, writing for the stage, not the closet. As a master craftsman he knew the artifices, the simplifications and condensations necessary for presenting his story on the stage. He was not concerned, it may be safely conceded, with text-book psychology. He was concerned with the effect that would be produced upon an audience. But the difference which exists between the plays of Shakspere and those of the other craftsmen of Shakspere's day, the Beaumonts and Fletchers of the Jacobean era, is one which prohibits acceptance of artifice as an explanation of Shaksperian genius. Michael Angelo, lying on his back for four years painting the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, foreshortened and distorted in order that his design should be intelligible from the pavement sixty-eight feet below. In the same way Shakspere adjusts and modifies psychology for the effect to be produced on the audience out in front. But one does not deny the fundamental truth in the Sistine murals because at close range the effect would be distortion. Nor need one deny in Shakspere a regard for sound psychology because he modifies it and adapts it to produce the effect of truth through dramatic scenes. His peculiar triumph consists in his ability to harmonize convention and integrity of character. That is not falsification when he utilizes accepted conventions and simplifications to produce a truthful effect.

If, then, on the one hand, Shakspere has not overshot the mark, has he, on the other, been guilty of arbitrary, artificial manipulation of his characters when he shifts Shylock from the tragic to the comic plane, Falstaff from the comic through the pathetic to the comic, or when he leaves Malvolio what some have found a pathetic and disturbing element in the climax of the comedy? May it not be possible that Shakspere saw his characters more clearly and more completely, conceived his object as honestly, and achieved it as fully, as we can do for him? It is certain that Shakspere conceived none of these characters sentimentally; that is, through the distorting medium of his personal sympathies and inclinations. Although simplified to the necessities of theatrical presentation, do we not find, on reflection, each drawn with a more certain regard for truth than can be detected in the conception that arises from our more subjective interpretation? That Shylock was a resentful member of a despised race, a father, and a husband, does not alter the fundamental fact that he was originally conceived as a money lender, and in spite of his relationships continued such. In what way do these relationships modify his fundamental character? Shakspere, with unsentimental clarity, presents his character as complex. In like manner, in what way does Falstaff's not completely disinterested love for Prince Hal and his disregard for all serious considerations in life entitle him to immunity from the law of consequences? Or Malvolio's respectability compensate for his essential vulgarity and lack of a sense of humor? After all, Shakspere is presenting these characters, not as it would be nice if they had been, in which case in the end all could be forgiven and forgotten, but as they *were,* observed by a kindly and tolerant but all-seeing and impartial creator who assumes no responsibility for their good behavior or their good fortune.

That, at least, is the effect—not the reality, of course. Shakspere was seeking, as a writer for the stage, an effect, to be produced through the medium of the stage in accordance with the conventions of his day and of the stage. There has been a persistent conviction that he achieved that effect and that it was an effect of truth. In our critical discussions

we seem still to be entangled in that problem of predestination and free-will which Chaucer lets perplex the philosophizing of Chauntecleer in his earlier barnyard drama. Does the creator manipulate his characters for an effect of his own, or do they live their own lives? To insist on either view is to press a theory to an extreme and disregard that compromise which is the essence of art. We can, on the one hand, require the author to view his characters through our emotional reactions and sentimentality and insist that this or that is what this character would have done; or, on the other, we can deny to the characters any significance of their own beyond their use in establishing contrasting, that is to say, dramatic situations. Each process would involve the author in fundamental departures from artistic integrity hard to reconcile with the impression created by Shakspere's plays of almost sharper actuality than experience itself.

If it is difficult to accept as probable the *psychology* of Shakspere's characters as Dr. Stoll destructively analyzes it, it is even more difficult to imagine these characters in all their individual situations consistently exercising that calm, judicial rationality which Dr. Stoll would require of them if he were to consider them psychologically true. It would be hard to find in our dealings with our private friends, or in the chronicles of the daily press, or in the conduct of international affairs, that impeccable and unvarying rationality which Dr. Stoll sets up as the alternative to a drama of art and artifice concerned primarily with striking effect and dramatic contrast. We have plays which fall in this classification, plays in which consistency is sacrificed, but it is impossible to feel that the manipulated scene in *A Woman Killed with Kindness,* or the theatrics of *The Maid's Tragedy,* or, to take a more modern example, the dramatic contrasts of Bulwer Lytton's *Richelieu,* really rank with the plays for which Shakspere is remembered. Shakspere's plays, by and large, romances and farces set aside, do produce such an effect of truth that critics still argue about the psychological lapses in the action of certain characters, much as we every day express surprise over the unexpected conduct of our personal acquaintances.

In the face of impressive and illuminating comparisons and analyses, which reveal his mastery of technique, Shakspere still towers above his Jacobean contemporaries and more recent masters of artifice by the fact that his characters are, not like theirs, consistent only in scene, but produce *the effect of consistency* from the original assumption to the closing scene. This is an effect, of course. The characters are not in the round, but they seem so in comparison with slab-sided figures of less conscientious workers. The point I would make is, whether Shakspere was concerned with psychology or not, and we certainly had psychology long before we had psychologists, he was concerned with the effect of truth, an effect to be secured legitimately by the use of such devices and conventions as belonged to his art, and an effect to be got on the stage through devices of the stage upon an audience. That he actually aimed at more than this at times, I think is apparent. That he sometimes achieved something less than the effect of truth is equally apparent, and in part intentional, where the material he was dealing with was too slight or too intractable to justify an effort not required by the total effect aimed at.

Shakspere's unsentimental attitude toward his characters is, of course, conspicuous in his treatment of Cleopatra. The Seleucus episode in the period sometimes referred to as the "ennoblement" of Cleopatra, following her resolution to do it "after the high Roman fashion and make death proud to take her," exposes Cleopatra in a shabby lie about possessions concealed, with no evident purpose other than to keep a door open for herself if she should still decide to live. Shakspere retained this episode from Plutarch and expanded it. If Shakspere were concerned only with a great effect at the end, why should he here intrude this jarring episode? But Shakspere does not fudge on fundamentals. Cleopatra could be magnificent; Cleopatra could be heroic; Cleopatra could be romantic; but Cleopatra could *not* be honest. As in the case of the rejection of Falstaff, and as in the case of the Jew of Venice, here too, when the temptation to sentimentalize is strong, Shakspere sees more clearly than the critics.

Not that Shakspere never yields to a popular weakness or never introduces a sentimental character; but when he does the one or the other, he does it knowingly and registers his own tolerant protest. In *As You Like It* Shakspere capitulates to the demand for a happy ending by "laying it on with a trowel" and apologizing in Jaques' ironical remark about "the Noah's Ark procession" with which the play ends. If the absurdity of the ending had not been apparent to Shakspere, he could hardly have made his character burlesque it in this phrase.

When Friar Laurence in *Romeo and Juliet* prepares to sum up in an inordinately long speech, Shakspere makes him begin with the inevitable cliché of the long-winded speaker, "I will be brief," reminiscent of Chaucer's humorous designation of "The Tale of Melibeus" as "A Litel Thing in Prose," and of the nurse's yokel-like admiration after the friar's heavily conceited sermonizing:

> Oh Lord, I could have stayed here all night
> To hear good counsel! Oh, what learning is!

In both of these speeches and in Jaques' speech above, it seems apparent that Shakspere felt he had done, or was about to do, something that called for justification, and he lets a character register a sort of apology through a remark which permits the reader or rather spectator to know that Shakspere was conscious of the absurdity. That Shakspere appreciated the fact when the joke was on himself with a clear-eyed amusement is amply apparent in that incident already alluded to in *The Winter's Tale*. Shakspere, who had caused his father to appeal to the herald's college for a coat of arms, and attained the privilege of writing "Gentleman" after his name, could not have composed the dialogue between Autolycus and the clown without an inward chuckle:

> *Autolycus:* I know you are now, Sir, a gentleman born.
> *Clown:* Ay, and have been so any time these four hours.
> *Shepherd:* So have I, boy.
> *Clown:* So you have; but I was a gentleman born before my father; . . . . and so we wept, and there was the first gentlemen-like tears that ever we shed.
> *Shepherd:* We may live, son, to shed many more.

And is there not another instance of the poet with his tongue decorously in his cheek in *Hamlet?* Queen Gertrude is a superficial woman and on that count might be conceived of as uttering her pastoral elegy over the drowned Ophelia, but the passage insists on tearing itself out of the text. Here, to Laertes, elsewhere not noted for his patience, the Queen dallies with Ophelia's death in verses Shakspere evidently enjoyed writing:

Queen: Your sister's drowned!
Laertes: Drowned! Oh, where?
Queen: There is a willow grows aslant a brook.

Eighteen lines later Laertes exclaims, "Alas, then, is she drown'd?" I can not persuade myself that Shakspere in thus making Laertes summarize the Queen with a kind of incredulous amazement, which could have been occasioned either by the tidings or the Queen's manner of arriving at them, could have been unaware of what amounts almost to a dramatic impropriety in the Queen's diffuse prettiness. Laertes' laconic rejoinder savors of the secret joke with which Shakspere apologized to himself for being unable to throw away lines he had written, even though his characters found them difficult or surprising.

That Shakspere should know when the joke was on himself is only a natural consequence of that clarity of vision, that lack of emotional distortion or sentimentality, which characterizes all of his work. Indeed, Shakspere's assignment of a sense of humor to his characters is thoroughly illuminating. A glance over the personnel of his mimic world makes it obvious that it is more respectable to maintain a fool than a sense of humor, although infinitely more expensive, as witness King Lear. If Lear had had a sense of humor, he would have needed no fool; and there would have been no Heath scene and no tragedy. On the other hand, if Malvolio had had a sense of humor, there would have been no mad-house scene and no comedy. Shakspere is lavish in his bestowal of a sense of humor upon clowns, fools, and women, gravediggers, Gobbo, Portia, and Rosalind. If one has too much of a sense of humor, he degenerates into a Falstaff; if too little, he stiffens into a Malvolio. The dif-

ference between the amount royalty may have, even in a premature state, and unroyal man, appears in the difference between Hal's burlesque enactment of the king, his father, in the Boar's Head tavern scene and that of the Falstaff. Hal is a better king, but Falstaff is humorous.

Shakspere's lovers are rarely humorous; that is, the men are rarely humorous. Of course, there is Lorenzo, a subordinate figure, but for the most part Shakspere's lovers are either sentimental or in the grip of powerful emotion. Shakspere coupled lunatics and lovers. Barring Petruchio and Percy Hotspur, neither of whom would qualify as the typical lover, from Romeo to Antony, love has deranged the faculties of Shakspere's heroes, a detail which would hardly deserve comment were it not for the fact that simultaneously Shakspere's women become correspondingly more competent. If not lunatics, what cheerful idiots the comedy heroines make of their lovers. Portia taking the ring off Bassanio's hand and making him wish that he had cut his arm off first; Rosalind inveigling Orlando into rehearsing his love with the pretended swain; Viola, if not consciously bedeviling the sentimental duke, at least making him come to heel in the end. Romeo can jump over the garden wall and apostrophize Juliet's eyes, but it is Juliet who says, "What time tomorrow shall we be married?" As for Antony and Cleopatra, the relationship is summarized in the episode Shakspere retains from Plutarch, at least in reference, in which Antony thinks to impress Cleopatra by his success in fishing, employing slaves to dive beneath and fasten fish upon his hook. Cleopatra, in no way taken in by the fraud, sends down her own slave to fasten on Antony's hook a dried herring, which he pulls up, to the infinite diversion of all concerned. There you have the posturing, self-centered lover and the clear-visioned, perfectly poised woman. Shakspere's women, laughingly or in deadly earnest, go clear-sightedly and undeterred by conventions or scruples to their object. Not only the Rosalinds and the Violas, but also the Lady Macbeths. One would like to have known Macbeth with all his imaginative power as he must have been when wooing his subsequent lady. But what Lady Macbeth and Cleopatra did to their men is, quite needless to observe, outside the field of humor. Shakspere

dowers his women with his own clarity of vision undeflected by emotion. Beatrice is the only one who sees the innocence of Hero.

If Shakspere's treatment of the lover illustrates his unsentimental clarity of vision, his treatment of the lunatic is still more revealing. To compare King Lear with the hero of Tennyson's "Maud" is by a stroke to illuminate the difference that Ruskin envisaged between the poets of the first order and those of the second in his footnote to the famous Chapter on the "Pathetic Fallacy" in *Modern Painters.* Shakspere introduces sentimental figures among his characters. Romeo and Orsino are both sentimental at the beginning of the play and both for the sufficient reason that Shakspere wants them in a mood rapidly to transfer their affection to some other object later in the play. Jaques is sentimental. Shakspere goes out of his way to invent a past for him in order that his sentimental cynicism may be intelligible. He and the pastoral lovers form the proper foil for the burlesque of Touchstone and Audrey. Shakspere creates sentimental figures but he sees them for what they are and derives his comedy from laughing at them. Tennyson creates a sentimental figure with whom we are asked to sympathize. He invests him with madness which is tragic for the hero but only pathological to the reader. We feel an *identity* of sympathy between the poet and the hero which would have been impossible to Shakspere with such a character. There is no softness toward self-pity in Shakspere, no sentimentality in the poet. On the other hand, in Tennyson there is no objective criticism implied, no secret joke, like those detached ironies I have attempted to point out in Shakspere. "What matter if I go mad?" cries the hero in "Maud," and the reader echoes, "What matter?"

Theseus observed of the lunatic, the lover and the poet that they were "of imagination all compact." The purpose of this discussion has been to illustrate one quality of that imagination, as Shakspere exercised it, the unsentimental clarity of vision with which he viewed his characters, and apparently, himself.

Oregon State College
Corvallis, Oregon.

IMAGES IN *THE FAERIE QUEENE* DRAWN FROM FLORA AND FAUNA

By GRACE WARREN LANDRUM

SPENSER'S years on earth, generally calculated at forty-seven or thereabouts, afforded him an unusually wide acquaintance with rural life, despite his boyhood in the "walled town." Yet readers, thinking of him as singularly literary, a vigorous Eumnestes, "tossing and turning" books endlessly without the page Anamnestes, credit him with only a second-hand acquaintance with the earth beneath his feet, granting him, of course, the high-bred Elizabethan's conventional knowledge of gardening, horsemanship, essential to "vertuous and gentle discipline." That Spenser utilized genuine observation in drawing imagery from the vegetable and animal life of his native and his adopted isle is the thesis of this brief study.[1] It attempts only æsthetic appreciation. It offers no new obligations to sources. It refers to gleanings in the Spenser *Variorum* only when emphasis seems necessary.[2]

Elton's essay, "Colour and Imagery in Spenser," in his *Modern Studies,* is still illuminating, though all too brief.[3] My study is only incidentally an examination of Spenser's ontology, Lucretian or otherwise. The starting point taken is only his general conception of nature, particularly as set forth in the splendid scene in *Mutability,* Canto VII, the contest of Mutability and Nature. Nature triumphs and the last stanza of the poem prophesies the end of change:

> ". . . . no more Change shall be,
> But stedfast rest of all things firmely stayd
> Upon the pillours of Eternity,
> That is contrayr to Mutabilitie:
> For, all that moueth, doth in Change delight:
> But thence-forth all shall rest eternally
> With him that is the God of Sabbaoth hight".

C. E. Lewis puts it thus: "Most commonly he [Spenser] understands nature as Aristotle did, the nature of everything brings its unimpeded growth from within to perfection, neither checked by accident nor sophisticated by art

. . . In some respects he symbolizes God himself."[4] Evans parallels the idea, saying that to Spenser "God is God in virtue of his infinite stability."[5] Nevertheless, Spenser has various conceptions of the powers of nature. The Garden of Adonis[6] is the handwork of "dame nature," scene of perpetually renewed milennial cycles of flora and fauna, whose

> "substance is not chaunged, nor altered
> But th' only forme and outward fashion".[7]

There is a somewhat confused conception of "naked babes," clad and unclad with immortality, of ever renewed "infinite creatures," familiar and strange, the substances of "natures fruitful progenyes" supplied from the "huge eternal chaos" in the "wide womb of the world"—confused since, despite all this, Time is ever stalking in the garden. Venus, here, as once elsewhere, is the "root of all that joyous is,"[8] a "great mother," and so a variant of nature, who grieves to see "so faire things mard and spoyled quight," but finds "redress for such despight" because "all things decay in time, and to their end do draw."[9] Yet her sergeant is Order,[10] and she, though subject to decay, not extinction, is not red in tooth and claw, but still "a great mother of us all,"[11] our "mother earth," even "Grandmother magnifide."[12] As the great goddess, arrayed against Mutability, she is so terrible in her bright beauty that her face must be veiled, her sex thus concealed, her garments being as dazzling as those of the Three on the Mount of Transfiguration.[13]

To nature as a generatrix are assigned, conventionally enough, the functions of Earth in the Meredithian sense. Her womb, her fruitful breast, whence "welheads spring," "with moisture dewed," her bounteous lodging "to all creatures"[14] suggests also the earth of Wordsworth. From her "secret works" one wise-hearted, like Canace, could learn the "power of herbes, and tunes of beasts and burds." Nature commands the seasons and the months, Day, Night, the Hours, "Death with grim and griesly visage," Life, "the faire young lusty boy," as the long procession unfolds before Jove as umpire in the Nature and Mutability contest.[15]

We can well imagine that Spenser and Harvey, enthralled by speculations on the earthquake of April, 1580, would have delighted in modern geology. For them the science had progressed no further than the classic conceptions of the Ages of Metals.[16] Spenser hardly excels in dealing with grand configurations of the earth, for he is often content with generalizations of mountains, hills, plains, "ploughed ridge," but physical geography is a very personal affair, most of all when storms at sea or the mountains and the streams of Kilcolman are concerned. He is sensitive to effects of mire, muck, to the coldness of the earth, which is also bare and hard, and thus personifies it with excellent effect:

> "The sad earth wounded with so sore array
> Did grone full grevious underneath the blow
> And trembling with strange feare, did like an earthquake show."[17]

Nevertheless, the fixedness and the resistance of the rocks rather than the stirring of earth or sand arrest him. Arthur's terrific assault on Gerioneo seemed dreadful enough to rive "a marble rock asunder." In a delicate simile, suggesting a boy's remembered pastime, the blow of Sir Sanglier against Talus moved him no more

> "than when a rocke
> Is lightly stricken by some stones thrown."[18]

Rocks are often personified. They are "towering to reach the sky." They can scarcely refrain from tears in response to the "piteous mone" of Marinell's mother.[19] The sight of wounded Timias is heavy enough to "have made a rock of stone to rew."[20] Besides the "stony heart," "heart of flint," Spenser gives us more individually (and much oftener than Shakspere) "stony eyes," "stony cold," "stony horror," "stony fears," and "stony mind."

The conception of seed time and harvest evoked numerous figures, especially those dealing with seed (practically fifty), with stock and root. The victims of Talus

> "lay scattered over all the land
> As thick as doth the seede after the sowers hand."

Seeds may be "fruitless" or "ill grounded." *Seed* for heavenly or human origin is naturally common: "Of im-

mortal seed," "vulgar and the noble seed," "Day's children be the blessed seed." "Seeds of discord" serve for Ate as bread.[21] She sows "seeds of evil words and factious deeds." "Seeds of vice" have "cropt the branches of the sient base." Again, the "root of all honour and virtue is love." The "stock of passion is withered and dry." Though the list could be extended considerably, the figures are too conventional even to be catalogued. Descriptive enough for isolation are "the unploughed furrow," applied to literary narrative (doubtless an imitation of his master's "large feld to ere"), the rout fleeing from the blows of Talus like "scattered chaff," and Malbecco "withered like hay." A powerful simile is based on the likeness of Satyrane's overthrow of the monster pursuing Florimel to the loss of a harvest through flood:

> "As he that striues to stop a suddein flood,
> And in strong banckes his violence enclose,
> Forceth it swell aboue his wonted mood,
> And largely ouerflow the fruitfull plaine,
> That all the countrey seemes to be a Maine
> And the rich furrowes flote, all quite fordonne:
> The wofull husbandman doth lowd complaine,
> To see his whole yeares labour lost so soone,
> For which to God he made so many an idle boone."[22]

(Ruthless as Spenser may appear in his *Veue,* was there any shattering of human hope with which he did not sympathize?)

An Elizabethan saw three-fourths of his native isle forested. Small wonder that trees figure largely in Spenser. Granted that either Boccaccio or Chaucer could have suggested the list in the Wood of Error, Henley, an authority on Spenser's Irish locale, believes that the Wood of Glenageenty may have been a first-hand source, perhaps an addition to Book I. All the trees in the catalogue, except the myrrh and the olive, she believes could have been seen in his adopted island.[23] We may grant that Ariosto is superior in the specific mention of ilex, oak, mountain ash, flowering thorn, in delicacy of detail as to eddying and scattered leaves in water, but Spenser is more than bookishly conventional. He bases a figure on the trembling aspen;[24]

by the low drooping willow he symbolizes inferiority.[25] Duessa's withered skin is like "maple rind." Rude peasants flock against Artegal as flies swarm on a "birchen bough." A root uptorn by a "Salvage" is shaken like "a hazel wand."[26] Oaks could hardly have escaped him, but he sees them pictorially, garland-wise around the source of Molanna.[27] Against the colorless figures from fruit, the "timely fruit of love," "fruit of joye and blisse," fruit in May, and terms relating perhaps to vine or bush as well as tree,[28] we may set grapes lurking amid leaves,[29] "greene-apples and red Cherries,"[30] the withered apple tree blossoming again through "husband's toile."[31] Numerous similes concern withered and fallen trees. Ate is like a withered tree,[32] Orgoglio's fall is like that of

> "an aged tree
> High growing on the top of rocky clift,
> Whose heartstrings with keene steele nigh hewen be,
> The mightie trunck halfe rent, with ragged rift
> Doth roll adowne the rocks, and fall with fearefull drift."[33]

To rotten wood he compares the riven mail of Cambell and Diamond.[34] Duessa in her specious beauty is "the withered tree that wanted juice."[35] Dry wood is the symbol of combustible passion.[36] The fallen tree symbolizes death.[37]

Bough, branch, leaf suggest figures too similar to warrant discrimination: "Budding branches," "branches of nobleness," fruitless branches, "boughs of vice." On the favorite Elizabethan figure of grafting he bases the idea of the pain of love. Springtime burgeoning[38] and pruning may not be distinctly noted, but he shows variety in observation of fallen leaves. They symbolize the languishing of love, prostrate forms beneath assailants' blows, the pierced and wasting body; dissevered, bloody locks.

Trees, purely literary to Spenser, are the olives "on the sacred hill"[39] and, doubtless, the almond

> "ymounted hye
> On top of greene Selinis all alone,
> With blossomes braue bedecked daintily;
> Whose tender locks do tremble euery one
> At euery little breath that vnder heauen is blowne."[40]

(Incidentally, the description is apt enough for actual observation.)

The episode of the talking trees in Book I has been marked as more restrained than the parallel in Ariosto.[41] The Biblical concept of the Tree of Life needs no comment. The healing value Percival believes to be based also on an idea in *Bevis of Hampton.*[42]

In the April Eclogue of the *Shepherdes Calender* Spenser's delight in a dozen varieties of flowers proves that he knew 'the daedale earth." His content with generalizations in the *Faerie Queene* is therefore surprisingly accounted for, perhaps, by a growing passion for allegorization. Thus his favorite metaphor for youth is "flower of tender years," "of freshest youth," "first ages flower," to mention only a few expressions of a redundant idea. Various excellencies are represented by flowers,—virtue, chastity, grace, nobleness, courtesy, honour. Beauty, fame, chivalry, pride, are likewise compared. Human figures are included: the Argonauts (flower of Greece), Helen of Troy, and necessarily (yet sincerely, as we may infer from E. C. Wilson's illuminating *England's Eliza*), Gloriana, that "goodly, gracious flower." Other heroines as flowers of chastity and beauty are Una, Britomart, Belphebe, Florimel, Canace. Duessa's false beauty is flowerlike. Though he mentions the "dread sleeping poppy" and the "flourdelice," the specific figures in metaphor are only the commonest in Elizabethan imagery, the red rose and the lily. Belphebe is the rose of heaven; Canace, fresh as morning rose. Yet the similes, some from classic or Italian sources, the most charming of all, the "virgin rose" passage from the *Gerusalemme Liberata,*[43] are pleasing indeed. Though an odd fancy depicts the mole on the infant Claribel's "little brest of christall bright" as a rose unfolding with silken leaves,[44] the rose less concretely symbolizes love and reviving hope. The fearsome beauty of Britomart is more definitely described in an exquisite, miniature *Roman de la Rose:*

> "For she was full of amiable grace,
> And manly terrour mixed therewithall,

That as the one who stird vp affections bace,
So th'other did mens rash desires apall,
And hold them backe, that would in errour fall;
As he, that hath espide a vermeill Rose,
To which sharpe thornes and breres the way forstall
Dare not for dread his hardy hand expose,
But wishing it far off, his idle wish doth lose."[45]

As usual, roses and lilies combine in the stock figure of the lady's cheek. To the lily the hand is compared with the tedious insistence of the period. The bodies of the naked maidens dancing around Pastorella are "lilly white." Garments are white as lilies. Drops of "purple blood" stain the lily smock.[46] Symbolically Una is all "lilly white, withouten spot or pride."

Spenser has several figures from garlands. One of these, which chances to be of a rosy wreath, is a metaphor for Belphœbe's honour.[47] Silence and obedience are the garlands of God's saints.[48] Helen of Troy is the "garland of mighty conquerors." Nymphs surround Diana like a garland. Comely virgins with "garlands dight" are themselves

"As fresh as flowers in meadow greene do grow,"

an expression called Botticellian.[49]

That the grass withereth, the flower "so fresh at morne" fadeth "at evening late," Spenser notes frequently. Pastorella's beauty fades like a flower. Red Cross's flesh shrinks like withered flowers. Time wastes "the flowering herbes" with his flaggie wings. "Gather ye rosebuds while ye may" Spenser thus expresses:

"So passeth, in the passing of a day,
Of mortall life the leafe, the bud, the flowre,
Ne more doth flourish after first decay,
That earst was sought to decke both bed and bowre,
Of many a Ladie, and many a Paramowre:
Gather therefore the Rose, whilest yet is prime,
For soone comes age, that will her pride deflowre:
Gather the Rose of loue, whilest yet is time,
Whilest louing thou mayst loued be with equall crime."[50]

The Squire's hopeless love for Belphoebe is a "blossom blasted through heat and decay." With the decay of flowers

may be likened the unfavorable comparisons drawn from weeds and thorns. Jealousy is a weed. Bad ladies among good are "weeds among roses." Lust is deflowering. Thorns prick the jealous heart. Victims are trodden down like docks. No picture of decaying vegetation in Spenser is so powerful as Shakspere's

> "Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds,"

though he excels in describing noisomeness from other causes.

If Spenser as a specialist in floriculture is not notable (yet equal to other Elizabethans, Shakspere excepted), he deserves more gracious comment than this:

"Spenser's eye for visible nature was so little focussed that for vegetation he has only the adjective 'green,' 'pallid green,' and 'pallid,' for the ocean no realistic hues, for mountains none except 'green'."[51]

Granted that in Ireland Spenser in trim gardens took his leisure less frequently than in the rich cultivation of London, Cambridge, or "the glen" of the "widow's daughter," and focussed on the wilder beauty of his Arlo and Mole, the lush streams of the valleys near Kilcoleman, he increased proportionately his knowledge of animal life.[52] We may progress from the familiar to the unfamiliar, to the strange and, lastly, to the highly fantastic or monstrous creatures.[53] Previous studies of Spenser have marked his skill in animal life. Well aware of these comments, the investigator may yet find Spenser's figures based on animal life even astonishingly numerous and varied.

Spenser delights in the figurative use of wings, these sometimes purely conventional as the "winged wind," "winged thought," "golden wings" of love. Reminiscent of Chaucer is:

> "For soone as maestrie comes, great love anone
> Taketh his nimble wings, and soone away is goone."[55]

"Fear gave her wings"[56] is varied with "wings of feare like

fowle aghast,"[57] "wings of speedy feare,"[58] "wings of idle feare."[59] Horror has "iron wings."[60] Pastorella's rearing is under the "base Shepherdes wings."[61] The darkness of Eventyde shelters under "brod black wings."[62] Praise of Spenser's treatment of winged insects abounds.[63] The simile of the shepherd brushing away "with clownish hands" the tender wings of gnats combines touch, sound, physical discomfort in remarkable realism.[64] With equal effect Spenser describes the "swarms of gnats at eventide" in the "fennes of Allan."[65] Around Calidore swarm thieves as

> "many flyes in th'hottest summers day
> Do seize upon some beast, whose flesh is bare,
> That all the place with swarms do overlay
> And with their little stings right fully fare."[66]

Talus overcomes assailants as if they were a "swarm of flies."[67] The crowd around Serena awakening is "like many flies." Archimago calls forth legions of spirits "like little flies."[68] The Giant with the Balance attracts the vulgar like "foolish flyes about an honey crocke."[69] The followers of Radigund swarm around her like bees.[70] Spenser achieves a magical effect in the famous Cave of Morpheus passage, the

> "ever drizzling raine upon the loft
> Mixt with the murmuring winde, much like the sowne
> Of swarming Bees."

Imagination's chamber

> "filled was with flies
> Which buzzed all about, and made such sound
> That they encombered all mens eares and eyes
> Like many swarms of Bees assembled round,
> After their hives with honny do abound;
> All those were idle thoughts and fantasies,
> Devices, dreams, opinions unsound,
> Shewes, visions, sooth-sayers and prophecies,
> And all that fained is, as leasings, tales, and lies.

(Spenser was here doubtless recalling the *House of Fame*, Book III, ll. 861-886.)

Spenser notes also the insidious destruction by insects, the "hidden moth," that frets 'the inner garment."[71] The

cankerworm to Spenser symbolizes devouring Time and Age, ruinous to the poet's effort.[72]

Horses, which Spenser prefers to call 'steeds,' are mentioned constantly. Yet none has a place among the great horses of romance and history. None is so superbly realistic as Shakspere's in *Venus and Adonis;* none is so "horsly," to quote Chaucer's delightful term. But all Elizabethans whose journeys exceeded those from the blue bed to the brown were by necessity riders. Spenser, though a sizar, doubtless always rode the some sixty miles from London to Cambridge, since, as his stipend had been granted to him "ægrotanti," he was scarcely a robust pedestrian. In several capacities in Ireland he must have ridden constantly, perhaps daily. We may thus predicate actual as well as literary experience for his knowledge of mounts.

The most famous of these, Una's palfrey, is of course of literary provenience. Had the Triumphal Entry into Jerusalem been made on any other beast of burden, we should have missed the second glorification in literature of the humble ass. That Spenser does not always think of the ass as thus exalted we know from the beast ridden by Idleness in the procession leading to the House of Pride. He has also some generalized conceptions of mounts. An old horse is "hard to teach to amble true."[73] The horse of the "cruell Sarazin" at the bridge could swim "like to a fish."[74] The pride of ages succeeding the perfect "antique world" is like that of "corn-fed steeds." A steed is "stubborn," "firie mouthed"; the hungry steed abstains with difficulty from "pleasant lare." Metaphors are derived from the equipment of a horse: the bridle is needed for the "wanton will," or for the affections, and Blandamour is called a "hot-spurre youth."[75]

If Spenser has done little to individualize horses, we should expect even less in his treatment of dogs, perhaps no greater regard for them than Shakspere had. On the whole, Spenser, if less detailed than Shakspere in his "valued file" in *Macbeth,* is rather more favorable in his numerous similes.[76] Dogs are usually ferocious, "hungry dogs

eager for carrion." Mastiffs typify the fury of Gerioneo.[77] Angry knights are mastiffs unrestrainable against the powerless Britomart.[78] A long simile likens her fruitless attempt to stop a conflict to that of subduing a mastiff already fleshed.[79] The conflict of Blandamour and Paridell is like that of mastiffs in conflict;[80] the struggle of the gentle Squire with Disdain resembles that of a mastiff having at bay "a salvage bull." The railing of Slander resembles the biting and tearing of curs.[81] Pyrocles is reviled as by a

> "Shepheardes curre, that in dark evenings shade
> Hath tracted forth some salvage beastes trade."[82]

Spenser views a dog more favorably when he sees the watchful shepherd dog descry a wolf in the flock,[83] and he certainly has an especial eye for spaniels.[84] The distress of Florimel is like that of a hungry spaniel escaping from one danger to another.[85] Sanglier's unwillingness to take up the head of a dead lady is like that of a "rated spaniel," which "takes his burden up with feare."[86] Some of the stock disparagement of dogs, as old as Homer and the Hebrew Scriptures (for instance, "thrust like a dog out of doors") may be offset by the simile of Talus at the door of Britomart:

> "Like to a Spaniell wayting carefully
> Least any should betray his Lady treacherously."[87]

If we miss Ariosto's Homeric pleasure in a dog rejoicing at the return of his master, Spenser has only one mention of the fawning dog,[88] so repellant to Shakspere.[89]

Heise has commented on the increase in dog similes after Book I.[90] He cites many literary precedents, classic and Italian, as basic for Spenser's concern with hunting and sporting dogs. His great interest in falconry other critics have noted freely.[91] Horse, hawk, and hound are so treated in figures drawn from hunting that it is difficult to categorize. It seems advisable to refer to game of rarer mention, "the light-foot hare,"[92] the knights in conflict with Talus that "all about the fields like Squirrils hunt,"[93] and to treat hawking only generally, in an attempt to see basic figures, if possible, and Spenser's own interest in the sport.[94] He likens Malengin to the fowler, charming birds with "guile-

ful pype."[95] Omitting certain striking similes of pursuit that may occur easily to the reader, I shall mention certain typical birds of prey and their victims, all of which have figurative values: falcon and ducks and hernshaw; goshawke and culver; kite after puttocks; eagle pursuing heron; goshawk and bittern; the raven sending forth his destructive brood; vultures striking at a heron; a dove fleeing from a "tassel gent." Spenser varies his sympathy, now with the captor, then with the captive, especially with the latter, as when Florimel escapes from the fisher like a partridge from a hawk.[96] A simile, stanza-long, describes a bird regaining courage after fright by a hawk.[97] He mentions bell and jesses, but with no suggestion of the utterly poignant figure in *Othello*. One fancies him often as an observer as well as a participant. Pictures at long range are among the most powerful in all the *Faerie Queene*.

[*To be concluded*]

---

[1]Figures involving the atmosphere and water are omitted. See G. W. Landrum, "Spenser's *Clouded Heaven," Shakespeare Association Bulletin,* Vol. XI., No. 3. (July, 1936), and a forthcoming article "Images of Water in the *Faerie Queene", English Literary History.*

[2]All references to comments in *The Works of Edmund Spenser, a Variorum Edition,* Johns Hopkins Press, 1932, are listed as *Variorum,* etc. The line-by-line references are to the *Oxford Spenser.*

[3]See Florence Eckert, "The Portrayal of Nature in Spenser," unpublished M.A. dissertation at the University of Chicago, 1912, for a classification of numerous figures portraying nature. See also W. Heise *Die Gleichnisse in Edmund Spenser's 'Faerie Queene' und ihre Vorbilde,* Konigsee, 1902.

[4]*Variorum,* VI, VII, 281

[5]Quoted by H. S. V. Jones, *A Spenser Handbook* (1930), p. 307.

[6]*FQ,* III, 6, 29ff.

[7]*Ibid.,* III, 6, 38, 1-2.

[8]*Ibid.,* IV, 10, 47, 6. See *Variorum* IV, 236, for Lotspeich's attribution to *Natalis Comes.*

[9]*Ibid.,* III, 6, 40. [10]*Ibid.,* VII, 7, 4, 6 [11]*Ibid.,* II, 1, 10, 6.

[12]*Ibid.* VII, 6, 26, 5 [13]*Ibid.,* VII, 7, 7, 3-9

[14]*Ibid.,* V, 10, 24, 6. [15]*Ibid.,* VII, 7, 27-47.

[16]See *Variorum,* V, 154, for comments by Legovis.

[17]*FQ,* I, 8, 8, 7-9 [18]*Ibid.,* V, 1, 21, 6-7 [19]*Ibid.,* III, 4, 35, 7.

[20]*Ibid.,* III, 5, 30, 2. [21]*Ibid.,* IV, 1, 26, 1. [22]*Ibid.,* III, 7, 34.

[23]Pauline Henley, *Spenser in Ireland,* p. 128. [24]*FQ,* I, 9, 51, 3-4.

[25]*Ibid.,* IV, 1, 47, 9. [26]*Ibid.,* VI, 7, 24, 9. [27]*Ibid.,* VII, 6, 41, 2-3.

[28]See *Variorum* II, 217, and compare *FQ* 11, 12, 54 for the gem-like fruit in the Bower of Bliss.

[29]*FQ,* 11, 12, 54, 3-4 [30]*Ibid.,* VII, 6, 43, 6.

[31]*Ibid.,* IV, 3, 29, 5-9. [32]*Ibid.,* IV, 1, 31, 5-6.

[33]*Ibid.,* 1, 8, 22, 6-9. See *Variorum* I, 259, for classic and Italian sources and IV, 183 for Heise's comment on the oak, "especially when old", as Spenser's favorite or most frequently mentioned tree.

[34]*Ibid.*, IV, 3, 15, 5-6. [35]*Ibid.*, III, 8, 25, 5. [36]*Ibid.*, III, 8, 25, 5
[37]*Ibid.*, I, 10, 41, 9. [38]*Ibid.*, IV, 12, 34, 6-9. [39]*Variorum* I, 252.
[40]*FQ*, I, 7, 32, 5-9.

[41]John Hoole, *Work of the English Poets and the Most Approved Translations*, Vol. XXI, *Ariosto and Tasso* (London, 1810). See also *Variorum* I, 202-3, for Hughes' comment and Greenlaw's admiration of the Virgilian adaptation.

[42]*Variorum* I, 301. [43]*Ibid.*, I, 388. [44]*FQ*, VI, 12, 7, 8-9.
[45]*Ibid.*, III, 1, 46, 6. [46]*Variorum* III, 213. [47]*FQ*, III, 5, 51, 3.
[48]*Ibid.*, IV, 10, 51, 9. [49]*Variorum* I, 224.

[50]*FQ* II, 12, 75. Upton credits to Tasso (*Variorum* II, 388).

[51]A. E. Pratt, quoted by Fletcher, *Variorum* II, 216. For Spenser's nicety in treating effects of water see G. W. Landrum's article referred to in Note 1 *supra.*

[52]Some of the material on this topic overlaps that of domestic life in Spenser reserved for a later paper. Differentiation is necessarily difficult.

[53]*Orlando Furioso* afforded Spenser wide range: ox, bull, horse, deer, goat, lamb, ram, sparrow-hawk and other birds of prey; dog, cat, mouse, moth, leopard, and the famous roc may be mentioned.

[54]B. E. C. Davis, *Edmund Spenser,* Cambridge University Press, 1933, p. 174; Oliver Elton, "Colour and Imagery in Spenser", *Modern Studies* (London, 1907), pp. 73-76.

[55]*FQ* III, 1, 25, 8-9. [56]*Ibid.*, I, 4, 32, 1. [57]*Ibid.*, V, 8, 4,8.
[57]*Ibid.*, V, 8, 4, 8. [58]*Ibid.*, III, 5, 6, 6 [59]*Ibid.*, III, 6, 54, 9.
[60]*Ibid.*, II, 7, 23, 1-2. [61]*Ibid.*, VI, 9, 35, 4. [62]*Ibid.*, VI, 8, 44, 4-5.

[63]See *Variorum* I, 187-8 for comments by Upton, Greenlaw, Winstanley, Nicholson, Elton (*op. cit.*, p. 74).

[64]*FQ*, I, 1, 23.

[65]See Pauline Henley, *op. cit.*, pp. 128-9, and Kitchen, *Variorum* I, 285.

[66]*FQ* VI, 11, 48, 1-4. See B. E. C. Davis, *op. cit.*, p. 171, for comment on Spenser as the "gentleman farmer."

[67]*FQ*, V, 2, 53, 5. [68]*Ibid.*, I, 1, 38, 2. [69]*Ibid.*, V, 2, 33, 1-3.
[70]*Ibid.*, V, 4, 36, 7-8; *Variorum* V, 199.

[71]*FQ* II, 2, 34, 7-8; *Variorum* II, 200. The editor says there is no authority for the Prayer Book reading. The phrase comes not from the Prayer Book but from Cranmer's Bible. See G. W. Landrum, "Spenser's Use of the Bible," *PMLA,* Vol. 41, 1926, p. 522.

[72]*FQ* IV, 2, 33, 6. [73]*Ibid.*, III, 8, 26, 3. [74]*Ibid.*, V, 2, 13, 9.
[75]*Ibid.*, IV, 1, 35, 5.

A striking conception of horses occurs in the description of the Chariot of Night. See G. W. Landrum, "Spenser's *Clouded Heaven," Shakespeare Association Bulletin,* Vol. XI, No. 3, p. 147. See *Variorum* II, 274, for Upton's comment on the mention of a "tomb-black" steed as Homeric. But the particular epithet is Spenser's own.

[76]Heise has counted twenty-eight dog similes. *Variorum* V, 232. (See editor's praise of Spenser's vigor.) B. E. C. Davis, (*op. cit.*, pp. 174-5.) surmises that the "landowner in a hostile country must certainly have known the value of dogs."

[77]*FQ*, V, 11, 12, 1-2. [78]*Ibid.*, IV, 9, 31, 5-9. [79]*Ibid.*, IV, 9, 31, 2-9.
[80]*Ibid.*, IV, 2, 17, 8. [81]*Ibid.*, IV, 8, 36, 5-9. [82]*Ibid.*, II, 6, 39, 3-4.
[83]*Ibid.*, V, 12, 38, 5-6. [84]Cf. *Variorum*, III, 271. [85]*FQ*, III, 8, 33, 6-7.
[86]*Ibid.*, V, 1, 29, 9. [87]*Ibid.*, V, 6, 26, 8-9. [88]*Ibid.*, VI, 4, 11, 2.
[89]C. E. F. Spurgeon, *Shakespeare's Imagery,* p. 197.
[90]*Variorum,* V, 232.

[91]Upton, *Variorum,* I, 298; Warton, III, 286; Dodge, VI-VII, 203; Davis, *op. cit.*, 175; Henley, *op. cit.*, p. 96.

[92]*FQ* III, 4, 46, 4-5; *Variorum* III, 243.
[93]*Ibid.*, V, 11, 59, 3.

[94]Henley (*op cit.*, p. 196) note eight varieties of hawks in Ireland called goshawks.
[95]*FQ*, V, 9, 13, 1. [96]*Ibid.*, III, 8, 33, 3. [97]*Ibid.*, II, 3, 36.

PERFORMANCES OF SHAKESPEAREAN PLAYS AT

MARGARET RUTH

PLAYS	1765		1766		1767		1768		1769	
	C. G.	D. L.	C. G.	D. L.	C. G.	D. L.	C. G.	D. L.	C. G.	D. L.
All's Well That Ends Well					1					
As You Like It						3		3		1
Comedy of Errors										
Coriolanus	1						1			
Cymbeline		4		8	2	8	8	8	4	5
Hamlet	2	2	2	4	1	3	1	6	5	3
Julius Caesar			4		1					
King Henry IV.	1	1	6	2		1			1	1
King Henry V.			8		3		2			
King Henry VIII.										
King John			4	2	3	2			1	
King Lear	5	10	4	4	3	4	5	1	4	
Macbeth	2	4		1		2	6	4	4	1
Measure for Measure										
Merchant of Venice	1				8		6	5		6
Merry Wives of Windsor	2		1	1			4	1		2
Much Ado About Nothing		2		2		1				1
Othello	3	3		3	1	3		2		3
Richard III.	4	4	9		4	3	3	2	2	3
Romeo and Juliet	6	4	5	4	7	4	7	2	3	1
The Tempest		1		3		2		1		6
Timon of Athens										
Twelfth Night										
A Winters Tale		2								

[1]As announced in *Lloyd's Evening Post*, except for June, 1768-January, 1769, which period

ENT GARDEN AND DRURY LANE THEATERS[1]

RY, PH.D

1771		1772		1773		1774		1775		1776		1777		1778		1779		1780	
C. G.	D. L.	C. G.	D. L.	C. G.	D. L.	C. G.	D. L.	C. G.	D. L.	C. G.	D. L.	C. G.	D. L.	C. G.	D. L.	C. G.	D. L.	C. G.	D. L.
		3				1													
1	5		3		2	1	3	1	2	1	2					4	1		3
																3			
3	3	4	1	8	3		5		1		1		1						
1	2	2	5	5	1	1	5	2	3		1		4	1	1				1
				1															
				1		4		1		1			6		2		3	1	1
1				1										1		1			
		8		9		5				1				1					
							3	1											
2	1	1	2	2	5	2	2				1	3		2		1	1	3	
2		6	2	7	1					1	4			1	1	1	1	1	2
6		1								1		1							
6	2	1	2	5	2		1	3	1	1		1	1	2				2	
	1		1												2		1	2	
	1		2		1	3	2	1	5		1	1			2	1			
2		1	2	1	2		1					2	1				1		
4	1	5	1	4		7	2		2	2	4	1	1	1	2	2		2	2
4	2	4	3	4		2		4		2	2			3		2			
	4		1		1		2			2		2	13		2		1		2
	9		3																
	5	2	11		6		2		3		1	1	2				2		
2		1				3											2		

upplied from *The London Chronicle.*

RAW MATERIALS FOR A SHAKSPERE BIOGRAPHY

By SAMUEL A. TANNENBAUM

SOME of our readers will undoubtedly recall that we have more than once in these pages referred to Professor Roland B. Lewis's long-delayed work on Shakspere. We are happy to say that at last the books—two handsomely printed and beautifully cloth-bound folio volumes, weighing about thirteen pounds (!) and measuring approximately 14½ x 11½ inches—are being distributed to the subscribers. The publisher is the Stanford University Press, located in Stanford University, California. The edition is limited to 850 sets, each selling for $35 after June 1st ($25 before that date). One of the most important features of these volumes, entitled *The Shakespeare Documents,* is the facsimiles, of which there are fifty-nine, 5 larger than two pages (21″ x 20″, 18″ x 20″, etc., requiring a double fold), 6 double-page spreads, 38 single-page size, and 10 smaller ones. Both the author and the publisher assure us that every effort has been made to make the facsimiles of these documents as faithful and as useful reproductions of the originals as they could: "every technical art has been utilized to screen off ink-blotches, grease-spots, mould-spots, wine-slops, crushed-vermin spots, etc., so as to bring the hidden handwriting to light." About nineteen years ago, Dr. Lewis tells us, he conceived the idea of preparing a book in which all the important early documents bearing upon Shakspere's life would be faithfully reproduced, scrupulously transcribed ('transliterated' *in extenso*), accurately translated and fully elucidated with editorial commentary. He realized that for this task he had to acquaint himself with all the intricacies of the law Latin in which many of these documents are written, to qualify himself as an "expert in Elizabethan palæography" (inasmuch as Halliwell-Phillipps was not so qualified—see page vii), and to make his own and, as far as possible, "original" and "independent" transcripts (Halliwell-Phillipps had not done so). Dr. Lewis and his publisher think that he has not only succeeded in performing what he set out to do but

that he has done so with "scholarly accuracy . . . throughout."

Undeniably, there is much in these heavy volumes which is of value. A number of Dr. Lewis's discussions (*e.g.,* the Shakspere-Hathaway marriage, the application for a coat-of arms, and the poet's will) add considerably to our knowledge regarding the history and customs associated with the matters treated; that they add to our knowledge of the poet may safely be denied. The attempt to whitewash Shakspere in the Whately-Hathaway tangle is more than unconvincing. The interpretation of the will as a document calculated to prove that "the dramatist desired to establish his family and his estate in the descent of the male line of landed gentry" (page 506) may, in view of the fact that Shakspere had no son living in 1616, be dismissed as one of Dr. Lewis's fixed ideas. The discussion of the squabbles in the College of Arms is pertinent and valuable, especially as it is accompanied with the publication of considerable material from the Folger Shakespeare Memorial Library, which has hitherto not been generally accessible.

Shakspere scholarship is sorely in need of a book somewhat along the lines intended by Dr. Lewis. An inexpensive book containing reliable and readable facsimiles—in collotype!—of every extant document dealing with the poet and his family (from about 1500 to about 1650) and scrupulously accurate transcripts and faithful translations would be a godsend. Such a book ought to be free from any editorial commentary. D. H. Lambert's book (*Shakespeare Documents,* 1904) was a laudable attempt in this direction, but it had very few facsimiles (reduced and in halftone), the transcripts were often inaccurate, Latin documents were not translated and it is now many important years behind the times. Dr. Pierce Butler's *Materials for the Life of Shakespeare* (published in 1930) is an excellent *précis,* even though it is not free from commentary, but it lacks facsimiles. If Professor Tucker Brooke's *Shakespeare of Stratford* (published in 1926) had included the records of William Shakspere's parents and grandparents, aunts, uncles and cousins, and facsimiles of the documents, it would have been the ideal Shakspere biography. Of course, no book dealing with Shakspere's life and no Shaksperian scholar

can dispense with Halliwell-Phillipps' *Life* and *Outlines,* even though they are far from being up-to-date. Even Dr. Lewis has leaned heavily on him. But the specialist who wants access to all the documentary material pertaining to Shakspere, if he is not too particular about accuracy in verbal transcripts (which, after all, are rarely of any importance) and about style, will find them in Edmund K. Chambers' recent two-volume biography of the poet. True, Sir Edmund's book contains very few facsimiles and not all documents are transcribed in full or accurately. These facts considered, Dr. Lewis would have rendered the scholarly world yeoman service if his book were all that he claims for it. But is it? That it is not we shall show in the following pages.

In their brochure the publishers say, undoubtedly on the authority of Dr. Lewis, that this book "is complete" and presents, for the first time, "the entire corpus of the important documentary and contemporary printed material relating to Shakespeare." That this is an overstatement may be gathered from the fact that the following items have been omitted from the work before us: a letter from Sir Walter Cope to Viscount Cranbourne (written in 1604/05) relating to *Love's Labours Lost,* citation of Shakspere as an actor in Ben Jonson's *Sejanus* in 1603, a passage in commendation of Shakspere in An. Sc's *Daiphantus* (1604), William Covell's reference to "Sweet Shakespeare" in *Polimanteia* (1595), John Weever's sonnet "Ad Gulielmum Shakespeare" (1595), and so forth. It is needless to say that such allusions to the poet are of the utmost importance in constructing something that may pass for a biography. They manifest the impression his personality and his art made upon his fellows. Dr. Lewis may, of course, plead that it was no part of his plan to quote and comment on the allusions to the great Stratfordian by those who knew him or read his works. But, if he does so, our reply will be that he quotes *some* contemporary allusions, *e.g.,* the one in *Willobie his Avisa* (1594), one in Chettle's *Englandes Mourning Garment* (1603), two in Manningham's diary, and the long passage in *Palladis Tamia,* etc. Most readers, we are confident, would rather read Weever's poem than the two-page account of an utterly insignificant

letter (written in 1631) from Sir Thomas Temple asking for two or three buds from Dr. Hall's garden. The space allotted to this could have been much more advantageously employed to discuss the Shakspere-Davenant scandal, a subject wholly ignored by Dr. Lewis.

A vexatious feature of this book is the evident carelessness in the proofreading. In the index we find "Exemplication" for "Exemplification," "Furnival" for "Furnivall," "Gastrill" for "Gastrell," "Langbane" for "Langbaine," "Schuckings" for "Schücking," and "H. M. Spielman" for "M. H. Spielmann."

In book-making strange things are likely to happen, as a result of either carelessness or ignorance on the part of some one of the many persons sharing in the work. It would be difficult to say who is responsible for the mutilation of so many of the proper names occurring in *The Shakespeare Documents,* although the guilt undoubtedly lies mainly on the shoulders of the proof-reader. (We hope it was not Dr. Lewis.) Halliwell-Phillipps several times (54 a, 121 b, 182c, 402a) appears with only one lower case *p;* Morgann, the famous author of an essay on Falstaff, appears as 'Morgan' (279c); Steevens, the Puck of commentators, is changed to 'Stevens' (182c); the baptismal name of Edmond Malone, the most distinguished Irish scholar, is invariably given as "Edmund" (5b, 9a, 79b, 93c, 217a, etc.), a mistake also made by J. Q. Adams, E. K. Chambers, and even Sidney Lee; the middle name of Dr. J. Quincy Adams appears as "Quincey' sometimes (196b, 274c, 520a); Langbaine appears as 'Langbane' in the index and 'Langbraine' in the text (126a); Cuthbert Burby is changed into 'Cutler' Burby (286b); Julia 'Berner' appears as 'Berne' (304c); the well-known Grosart appears as 'Gosart' (201c); James A. Morgan loses his first name (201b), as does also Edwin A. Abbey (287a); Phelps appears as 'Phelp' (287b); Moxon appears as 'Moxom' (411a); the poet and essayist A. C. Brock is changed to 'Clutton-Brock' (without an initial, 363b); Mr. Cuningham, editor and commentator, becomes 'Cunningham' (311c); the German writer Gersdorff is changed to 'Gersdoff (362c); Dr. Leftwich becomes Dr. Leftwick (387c), the German Schröer is changed to Schöer (541b), and the French Lefranc is presented to us as 'Le Franc' (287b).

In a scholarly work one expects correct reproduction of words in foreign languages. An ignorance of German probably explains some of the errors in the names listed above as well as some of the following: 'Prose' for 'Prosa' (183b), 'Komodianten' for 'Komödianten' (201c), 'neuren' for 'der neueren' (201c), 'epitches' for 'episches' (262a), 'Tageleid' for 'Tagelied' (262b), 'Jahrhundredts' for 'Jahrhunderts' (262b), 'and' for 'und' (several times, *e.g.,* 262b, line 30), 'zur' for 'zu' (262c), 'Urbiler . . . Studies' for 'Urbilder . . . Studien' (280a, line 19), 'Verlorener' for 'Verlorene' (287a), 'Studien . . . neuren' for 'Studium . . . neueren' (287b), 'Vortag' for 'Vortrag' (312b), 'Bühme' for 'Bühne' (312b), 'Verbeitung' for 'Verbreitung' (312b), 'gelichnamigen' for 'gleichnamigen' (404c), 'die Sonnets Shakespeare' for 'die Sonette Shakespeares' (411a), 'Uberlieferung' for 'Ueberlieferung' (541c), 'versichiedenen' for 'verschiedenen' (506c), etc. In citing the French title of Monsieur Lefranc's book (287b) the word 'Masque' is given as 'Mosque'. In the Italian title of Bonfante's book on wills 'Varii' is cited as 'Vraii' (507b).

Of purely typographical errors there is an abundance in these handsomely printed volumes. We shall list only a few: 'nonattendance' (without a hyphen, 77c), 'semiforged' (without a hyphen, 180b), 'overimaginative' (221c), 'Article' for 'Articles' (79c, line 39), *'Palladia'* for *'Palladis'* (179b), *'Anjon' for 'Anjou'* (205c, line 3), 'Entstchung' for 'Entstehung' (262b, line 29), 'page 125' for 'page 135', (254a, line 19), 'Topographical' for 'Typographical' (299a), 'titling-spear' for 'tilting-spear' (302a, line 13), 'Earle' for 'Earl' (305b, line 37), 'House-Trap' for 'Mouse-Trap' (361a, line 47), 'Jonson' for 'Johnson' (365c, line 19), *'Mrs.'* for *'Mr.'* (363b, line 6), 'Magnificient' for 'Magnificent' (366a, line 41), and 'semigossipy' (229c) without a hyphen.

Misquotations also occur. On page 172 a passage from *Measure for Measure* is mutilated by the insertion of the unnecessary word 'outward' in the fourth verse ('Save that we do the outward denunciation lack') and the substitution of 'on' for 'upon' in the eleventh verse ('With character too gross is writ upon Juliet').

Probably merely as the result of hasty proofreading some sentences are improperly punctuated. "These new transcripts are as far as possible original" (vii b) requires commas after 'are' and 'possible'. "Of this extremely rare old 1605 *King Leir,* the British Museum has two copies" (390b) requires no comma after *'Leir'*. "This period may have been 1592-94, when because of the dreadful plague all theatres were closed" (408a) requires commas after 'when' and after 'plague'. "As a generous contribution to bibliography the Huntington Library in 1931 through the Harvard University Press issued a composite facsimile" (357a). "In Eadred's will, wearing apparel took its place" (486c) does not require the comma. "The complete Diary at present in the Folger Shakespeare Library should be re-edited" (526a, note) requires commas. "In 1597 William, who with his wife and family had resided at the Henley Street property since his marriage in 1582, bought" etc. (222a).

What was intended to give this book its chief value are, of course, the facsimiles of the documents bearing on Shakspere's life. It is a great pity, therefore, that, owing to a number of technical errors—the employment of very heavy paper, the use of brown ink, poor presswork, and the resort to the half-tone process—many of the facsimiles are so pale as to be practically worthless. Some parts of the documents are almost wholly invisible. This appears especially in the reproduction of the 1582 marriage-bond, between pages 160 and 161, which may be compared with the much more easily decipherable reproduction in J. W. Gray's book, *Shakespeare's Marriage* (facing page 9); in the first draft of the application for a coat-of-arms in 1596 (opposite p. 210), which compares very unfavorably with the reduced facsimile published in S. Tucker's *The Assignment of Arms to Shakespeare and Arden,* noting especially the postscript in the lower right-hand corner (which is almost invisible in Lewis's book); in the letter from Richard Quiney to the poet (opposite p. 226), which shows up very clearly in the facsimiles published in other books, *e.g.,* E. K. Chambers' biography of Shakspere (vol. 2, p. 102); the 1598 note of corn and malt (facing p. 283), which is much more sharply defined in E. I. Fripp's *Shakespeare, Man and Artist,* vol. 2, facing p. 497; the deed of conveyance pertaining to the

Blackfriars property (between pp. 438-439), which should be compared with the vastly more legible facsimile—even though greatly reduced—in H. Staunton's *Memorials of Shakespeare,* published in 1864; the Shakspere will (after p. 482) is paler than it need be, and so are many of the other documents.

The half-tone process by which these facsimiles have been reproduced is highly objectionable in a book planned for investigators. Inasmuch as in the study of some of these 'papers' questions of forgery, forged interpolations, and identity of the writer often arise, only the collotype process should have been employed. A collotype facsimile, if well made, shows depth and can be studied with a magnifying glass or low-power microscope; a half-tone cannot (because of the enlargement of the innumerable dots which distort the picture beyond recognition). No wonder Dr. Lewis makes the absurd statement (473c) that the signatures of the witnesses to Shakspere's will were all written by one person and (208c) that the footnote in the first 1596 draft for a coat-of-arms is in the same handwriting as the body of the document. Such matters can be decided only by professional experts working with proper materials. The documentary materials here presented to the scholar are also defective, seriously so, in being considerably smaller than the originals, and without warning that they are so. Shakspere's will, for example, has been reduced by about 25%. In scholarly works it is customary to say below a facsimile that it has been reduced or enlarged, and by how much.

And now we come to a much more important matter: Dr. Lewis as a decipherer or reader of documents written in the secretary script of Shakspere's day. He says that his transcripts are "as far as possible, new, original and independent." It had been better if they had not been such. There are very few documents in these volumes which do not show more or less serious errors in transcription. On page 416 Dr. Lewis transcribes a document (shown in facsimile on the page facing it) which relates to Shakspere as a contributor to a fund for repairing the highways and which seems not to have been previously transcribed; in his transcription he makes the following mistakes: for 'Inp^{r}[i]m[is]' he reads 'Imp^{r}m[i] s'; the surname 'Gibbes'

he misreads 'Silver'; Wilson's given name he transcribes as 'Thomas' though it is 'Henry'; in Sturley's name he omits a final *e;* in Shaw's name he omits a final *e*; the name of 'Lane' he reads as 'Lawe' and in our poet's surname he omits a final *e*. It may be noted that this document is written in easily legible and beautiful secretary script. Such misreadings are not surprising in view of the erroneous statements (pp. 162c-163a) made by Dr. Lewis that "the small and capital *h*" were "precisely alike" and that small initial *h* and *w* were easily confused. In the same paragraph Dr. Lewis makes the astounding statement—in the interests of the whitewashing process—that "it was an invariable [!] habit at that period [*i.e.,* about 1582] to curtail the terminal of a name."

In transcribing the first draft of the application for a coat-of-arms he failed to note that a certain number of words amounting almost to a whole line are an interlineation, even though the scribe took the precaution to have a caret in the proper place as well as another caret and a mark like a plus sign in front of the interlined words; but Dr. Lewis, ignoring these marks, transcribed the interlined words in the wrong place and did not have them printed in smaller type (as he does with other interlineations), giving us this absurd text: "they have continweed at those partes in good And that the said John having maryed Mary daughter & one of the heyres of Robert Arden of Wilmcote in the said counte gent reputacion & credit." Other errors in the transcription of this document are the following: 'Gentilnne' for 'Gentillme', 'authoritie' for 'authorite', 'maiestie' for 'maieste', 'demonstrcion' for 'demonstracion', 'testimonie' for 'testemonie', 'Throughe' for 'Thoroughe', 'Principalities' for 'Principalites', 'posteritie' for 'posterite', 'continweed' for 'contiweed', 'Collors' for 'Coullores', 'Signefieing' for 'Signefieng', 'gent' for 'Gent', and two short wavy horizontal strokes for the word 'in' (even though on page 212 he calls the reader's attention to the fact that in Elizabethan documents the word 'in' sometimes looked 'like a short horizontal dash'—and, he should have added, with an *i*-dot above it).

On pages 156-157 Dr. Lewis transcribes Richard Hathaway's will, a very interesting document indeed, but the

transcription is regrettably marred with occasional errors. Some years ago I pointed out that in Shakspere's will there is what looks like an ornamental flourish but is really the letters R^r and stands for the word 'Recognoscatur' (meaning 'Be it known'). In his discussion of the Shakspere will Dr. Lewis mentions this fact, also (as I had pointed out) that this siglum occurs also in John Combe's will. It is curious, therefore, that Dr. Lewis did not see that this abbreviation occurs also opposite the first line (in the left margin) of the Hathaway will. He is guilty of the same oversight in transcribing the nuncupative will of Dr. John Hall (see facsimile opposite page 590). Other errors of transcription in Hathaway's will are the following: 'Twentieth' for 'Twentithe', 'parishee' for 'parisshe', 'Testment' for 'Testament', 'onlie' for 'onelie', 'that the' for 'that he the', 'guyde to' for 'guyde vnto', Englyssh' for 'Englysshe', 'Levied' for 'Levyed', 'Stratforde' for 'Stretforde', and 'Rich[ard]i' for 'Rich[ard].' An extremely interesting little point in this will which Dr. Lewis overlooked (and has, therefore, erred in transcribing) pertains to the spelling of the word 'profits'. Dr. Lewis reproduces it as 'profette' but the scribe wrote (every time) 'profecte'. Had our author consulted the *Oxford Dictionary* he would have learned that 'profect' was a recognized variant for 'profit' in the sixteenth century. Elizabethan English is also ignored in transcribing 'abouts' (or is it 'aboutes'?) as 'about' on pages 283 and 284c.

Nowadays it is customary in the transcription of ancient documents to expand all abbreviations and contractions and to print in square brackets all added letters. This saves the research student much time and enables him to check and correct possible errors in the interpretation of the instrument. Dr. Lewis attempts to comply with the modern requirement but he is exasperatingly inconsistent and careless in doing so, as may be seen by an examination of almost any one of the transcriptions in this book. By way of example I shall select King James's warrant ordering a patent to be granted to the Lord Chamberlain's men in 1603 (see pages 364 & 365). In the words 'our' and 'your,' both occurring frequently here, Dr. Lewis prints 'o[ur]' and 'yo[ur],' implying that both the *u* and the *r* are wanting in the manuscript; but, as a matter of fact, the scribe invariably wrote 'o^{r}' and

'yor'. In line 6 the transcript has 'le[ttr]es' but the manuscript has 'lres' (with a flourish through the *l*); on page 365 we have 'Vniversitie' for 'Vniv'sitie' and 'liberties' for the manuscript's 'libties'. Other errors in this document are 'derected' for 'directed', 'licended' for 'licenced', 'doe' for 'doo', 'Hemminges' for 'Henninges', 'hereafter' for 'heerafter', 'hathe' for 'hath', 'whereof' for 'wherof &c', 'Greenewiche' for 'Greenwiche', and 'raigne' for 'Raigne'. It is to be wished that Dr. Lewis had been more faithful in reproducing the capital letters which begin many words in these documents. In one of the transcripts the brevigraph for fineal *es* is represented, as it should be (because the symbol also stood for *s, as, is, ies, us, ous,* and *ys*) by a specially made character resembling our roman script *e,* but everywhere else Dr. Lewis substituted for this the letters *es* in square brackets. Why the inconsistency? In the transcription of symbols having variable values a scholar has no right to commit himself to one of their equivalents; if he does so, he lays himself open to the charge of prejudice or bias.

In his chapter on the spelling of the poet's surname, Dr. Lewis throws the weight of his influence in favor of "Shakespeare" because it is the form in which it occurs most frequently, although as far as extant evidence goes, the poet himself did not spell it thus. It is true that during Shakspere's lifetime printers in London, whose spelling and pronunciation were undergoing modernization, preferred to set the name up with an *e* at the end of the first syllable and an *a* in the second, partly, no doubt, to emphasize the word-play in his name, but Shakspere himself was an old-fashioned and conservative product of the country, a rustic, and adhered to early Renaissance forms, as did also most of his literary associates—a point which Dr. Lewis has overlooked or misconceived. He errs in saying (7b) that the surname on the flyleaf of a copy of Florio's translation of Montaigne's *Essays* is 'Shaksper'; if there be truth in sight, it is 'Shakspere', although of the final *e* only parts of two horizontal curves are now visible, probably as the result of the pen's running dry.

The bibliographies appended to each of Dr. Lewis's chapters are wofully inadequate, apart from containing

many errors in the spelling of names and titles. In the bibliography of the spelling of Shakspere's name a number of essential items have been omitted, most notably Dr. John L. Haney's *The Name of William Shakespeare: A Study in Orthography* (1906), F. Madden's "Observations on an Autograph of Shakspere and the Orthography of his Name" (in *Archaeologia,* 1838, 27: 113-23), the lively controversy conducted by Dyce, D'Israeli, J. Bruce, Madden, Corney, Hunter, and others, in the pages of *Gentleman's Magazine* in and about 1840, Halliwell-Phillipps' *New Lamps or Old?,* and the present writer's essay in *The Dial* of May 11, 1916.

It would probably be difficult to subsume under one heading all the extraordinary statements one encounters in this book. There is, for example, the statement (207a) that Hamnet, the poet's son, may have been buried in Stratford church. In 1596 that would have been almost impossible. Shakspere himself was interred there only because of the town's indebtedness to him for financial assistance, and that was years after 1596. Had Hamnet found his final resting place in the church, the spot would undoubtedly have been marked. Even more surprising is Dr. Lewis's assurance (169a) that William Shakspere and Anne Hathaway, having entered into a common-law marriage, insisted on a formal church marriage so that the ambitions of the Shakspere family to achieve the status of landed gentry might be realized. In support of this incredible assertion he says (175a): "a 'handfast' or pre-contract marriage, though valid, was inadequate because it would not clearly legitimize their children." Why the 'clearly'? we ask. And where is the evidence for the alleged ambition? In all probability a church ceremony was deemed advisable merely as evidence of the genuineness of an alleged pre-contract.

Momentary mental aberration—to which even the best are subject—probably explains the curious perversion in the following sentence: "The limited information we possess suggests that William Shakespeare came direct from *London to Stratford*—no doubt to seek his fortune" (182c). An equally shocking 'howler' occurs on page 300 (col. a) where we are told that Elizabeth became Queen November 17, 1599. On page 174 (col. c) Shakspere's mother, Mary Arden, is converted into his "mother-in-law." If Homer

sometimes nodded, why may not a Shaksperian scholar occasionally lapse into somnolence?

A much more serious mistake, because, perhaps, more significant, is the statement (201a) that in Shakspere's tragedies "a King John brutally burns out a little prince's eyes, [and] a King Lear gouges out an old man's eyes." Neither King John nor anyone else burned out Arthur's eyes; Hubert only threatened to do so. King Lear did not gouge out Gloster's eyes; Cornwall was guilty of that piece of business.

Evidences of other kinds of carelessness occur here and there. On page 225 (col. a) we find this: "Abstract of Title of the Title of the Trustees of the late Mr. John Payter to a Messuage" etc. Greg's *Two Elizabethan Stage Abridgements* is referred to (206c) as *Two Elizabethan Stage Arrangements.* On page 362 Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch is named as J. D. Wilson's associate in the publication of an edition of *Hamlet* in 1934, although Q had (very wisely) severed his connection with that pattern of perversity, the new Cambridge Shakespeare, prior to the publication of this play. In 1924 J. M. Robertson published *An Introduction to the Study of the Shakespeare Canon;* on page 202 this title is reproduced as *An Introduction to the Study of Shakespeare, Canon.* If such things may have passage free, who shall our models and mentors be?

How helpful it would have been had Dr. Lewis given us facsimiles of all the documents, not only the important ones (who shall decide what is or may be important?), which enter into a biography of Shakspere may appear from the following facts: on page 230 we are presented with a transcript of Halliwell-Phillipps' transcript of a letter from Adrian Quiney to his son, but when we compare the two transcripts with that given by E. K. Chambers in his *William Shakespeare* (2: 102-03—not mentioned by Lewis) we find the following differences: 'wyllyng' for 'wylling', 'youre' for 'your', 'M^{r}' for 'y^{e}', 'W^{m}' for 'M^{r}', and 'that' for 'yf'.

At times Dr. Lewis expresses himself so clumsily that he lays himself open to the suspicion of purposive misstatement. In discussing the application for a coat-of-arms in 1596 he says (212 b & c): 'It [MS. Vincent 157, Article

24] may have been the draft from which William Dethick made the final 'fair copy' of the actual grant which, according to the statement in the document itself, was signed, sealed, and delivered to John and William Shakespeare." Nowhere in the papers relating to this or the 1599 application is William's name mentioned, but Dr. Lewis seems determined to connect the poet with his father's desire for heraldic honors.

Another bit of clumsy writing relates to Shakspere's signature on the Belott-Mountjoy deposition. In that signature the poet hurriedly wrote the letters 'Shak' and a flourish which he may have intended, as I pointed out some years ago, for a combination of the long *s* and a *p'r* (*per, pere,* etc.) brevigraph. Dr. Lewis accepts this explanation but he makes the following misleading statement (432a) in connection therewith: "That this was the actual method of abbreviation used when others wrote down the name Shakespeare, one need but turn elsewhere in this volume to perceive," and then he refers the reader to the record of Shakspere's holding of corn and malt in 1598 and to Richard Quiney's letter to the poet the same year. When we turn to these documents we discover that in neither case did the scribe make a *sp'r* brevigraph (as Shakspere did) but that in each case the penman made a normal secretary *s* which he followed with the normal secretary *p'r* symbol. (Incidentally I may remark that this *p'r* character also appears regularly in the middle of words, though Dr. Lewis says it occurs only at the beginning and at the end.)

Such a sentence as the following, "This examination hence does not support Stephen I. Tucker," (208b) should not be permitted to occur in a book which has been produced by the expenditure of so much labor, brains and money. A writer in Dr. Lewis's position should not say (see 186a), "This volume is one of Richard Field's best work," nor 197b) "the text of Q1 and Q2 are substantially similar."

Returning for a moment to Shakspere's will, a hastily and poorly drawn document, we may note that Dr. Lewis's discussion—a long and tedious chapter—deals with matters which are of no Shaksperian relevance whatever and in-

cludes many statements which are utterly mistaken and incorrect. It is perfectly clear that Dr. Lewis has not the faintest notion of what constitutes a contract when he speaks of 'contractual obligations' inherent in bequests contained in a will.

One thing more and I am through, although I am sorely tempted to comment on the many subjects so learnedly treated by Dr. Lewis. As we open the first volume and turn to the first printed page, the bastard title, our eye is struck with the drawing of the Shakspere coat-of-arms, evidently made from the drawing in the present writer's pamphlet on the subject in 1908. However, when we examine the drawing critically we notice several serious defects in it: the shield is pure white though heraldic convention requires (as Dr. Lewis knows and says in 303b) a white surface covered with black dots; the two spears (except the points) ought also to be white with black dots (to symbolize gold); and—a very serious error—Shakspere's falcon has lost one of his wings. In the 1596 and 1599 documents, preserved in the College of Arms, and facsimiled in the book before us, the falcon is shown with wings 'displayed' (spread wide and the tips directed slightly upward), as Dr. Lewis knows (302b). Whoever was responsible for this *faux pas* has played Dr. Lewis a shabby trick.

I hope I may be permitted to close this over-long review of an important contribution to Shaksperiana with the following familiar words from *Julius Caesar:*

Brutus. I do not like your faults.
Cassius. A friendly eye could never see such faults.
Brutus. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.

And, let me add, even though I have not read all of this book, Dr. Lewis's 'faults' are not Olympian.

A BORROWING FROM CAVICEO FOR THE LEGEND OF ROMEO AND JULIET

By WILLIAM F. J. DEJONGH

IN a few brief paragraphs I wish to trace back to an earlier piece of literature than has as yet been mentioned the source of Lady Capulet's explanation of Juliet's weeping, *Romeo and Juliet,* Act III, sc. v. The passage under consideration reads as follows:

Lady Cap. Why, how now, Juliet!
Juliet. Madam, I am not well.
Lady Cap. Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?
What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?
An if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him live;
Therefore, have done: some grief shows much of love;
But much of grief shows still some want of wit.
Juliet. Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

The first author to tell the story of Shakspere's tragedy—at least with the principal characters named as they appear in the play—was Luigi da Porto. The Da Porto story was versified by Gherardo Boldieri, who took the pseudonym *Clizia,* in 1553. The mother of Da Porto's Giulietta explained her daughter's comfortlessness as arising from Giulietta's wish to be married. Professor Olin H. Moore has shown[1] that to *Clizia* goes the credit of observing that Tebaldo's death and the decree of Romeo's exile occurred in such quick succession that Giulietta's weeping over her husband's fate might be excused just as well by reason of Tebaldo's death. This was no invention of Clizia, however.

The heroine of the *Libro del Peregrino,* by Jacopo di Antonio Caviceo (1443-1511), spends many tearful moments reflecting upon her lover's infidelity. Her mother mistakenly attributes her daughter's weeping to the young woman's sadness about the murder of a brother—an incident which took place before the young woman (Genevera) had any inkling of Peregrino's escapade with a friend of hers. The mother reproaches her daughter with these words:

Genevera, insino a quanto hai tu deliberata imporre fine a questi

tuoi lamenti? Il statuto de Dio, ne per lachryme, ne per gemiti se muta. Perdona de affligere questa mia ultima era, e pensa per altra via de consolare l'alma del morto fratello, perche il tanto recordare e uno accende novo dolore, qual più a chi il porta nuoce, che per chi è portato.[2] ("Genevera, at what time have you resolved to impose an end upon these laments of yours? The decree of God is not changed either by tears or by groans. Cease to afflict this my old age and think of comforting your dead brother's soul in some other way; because a memory so vivid excites new pain which hurts more the one who bears it than the one for whom it is borne.")

The *Peregrino* was published in 1508, and it had gone through its eighteenth reimpression four years before the publication of Clizia's rimed octaves.[3] The accessibility of *Peregrino* to Clizia and his indebtedness to Caviceo's novel are the natural conclusions that follow from a comparison of dates. Matteo Bandello appropriated this well-motivated detail from Clizia and passed it on to Pierre Boaistuau, who, in turn, sent it north of the English Channel.

University of New Mexico.

---

[1]"Bandello and 'Clizia'," *Modern Language Notes,* LII, 1937, pp. 41, 42.

[2]I read a copy of the *Peregrino* owned by the Arsenal Library, Paris: Venice, 1524, in-8, page L, viii *recto.*

[3]Adolfo Albertazzi, *Romanzieri e romanzi del cinquecento e del seicento,* Bologna, 1891, pp. 10, 11, *apud notas.*

NOTES ON SHYLOCK, ANGELO AND FALSTAFF

By A. S. PUSHKIN

(Translated by Mr. Albert Siegel from the original:
vol. 6, ed. "Slowo", 1922)

THE characters portrayed by Shakspere are not, like Molière's, types of this particular passion or that particular vice, but are living beings filled with many passions, many vices; the circumstances unfold before the spectator their variety and their complex aspects. With Molière l'Avare is "avare"—and only that; with Shakspere Shylock is greedy, sagacious, revengeful, philoprogenitive, perspicacious. In Molière the hypocrite trails after the wife of his benefactor—the hypocrite; asks for a glass of water—from the hypocrite. In Shakspere the hypocrite pronounces a court verdict with conceited austerity, but with equity; he justifies his heartlessness with the thoughtful considerations of a statesman; he courts innocence with captivating sophistry and not with ludicrous concoctions of devotion and gallantry. *Angelo* is a hypocrite because his known actions contradict his secret passions! And what depth in this character!

But nowhere, perhaps, is reflected with such multiformity Shakspere's many-sided genius as in Falstaff, whose vices, entangled one with another, form an amusing and ugly chain resembling an ancient bacchanalia. Analyzing the character of Falstaff, we see that his principal trait is lust. From the time of his youth, probably, a coarse, cheap gallantry was his first preoccupation; but he is already in his fifties. He has grown fat, senile; gluttony and wine have subdued Venus. Besides, he is a coward; but, having spent his life with young rakes, at every moment exposed to their mockery and tricks, he covers up his cowardice with an evasive and scoffing impertinence; he is a braggart by habit and by calculation. Falstaff is by no means stupid; on the contrary, he has the habits of a man who at times gives the impression of being good company. He has no principles whatsoever. He is a sissy. He needs strong Spanish wine (sack), huge dinners and money for his mis-

tresses; to get these he is ready for anything provided it involves no visible danger.

In my youth chance brought me in contact with a man in whom Nature, desiring to imitate Shakspere, repeated his wonderful creation. Mr. * * * was a second Falstaff. Lusty, cowardly, vainglorious, not stupid, amusing, unprincipled, lachrymose, and fat. One circumstance added to him an original charm: he was married. Shakspere did not have time to get his bachelor married. Falstaff died in the house of his mistresses, without having the time to become either a betrayed husband or the father of a family. How many scenes lost for Shakspere's paint brush!

Here is an incident from the family life of my honorable acquaintance. His four year old son, the very image of his father, a little Falstaff III, one day, in his absence, repeated to himself: "How blave my daddy is! how the Lold loves my daddy" The little boy was overheard and was asked, "Who told you that?" "Daddy," answered the boy.

CORRECTIONS

We ask our readers to correct the name "Lewery" on our contents page and on page 103 to "Lowery" and to read *"upon* for *on"* instead of *"on* for *upon"* in the penultimate line of page 108.

ANNOUNCEMENT

Having this page at my disposal, for want of a short article or communication, I take advantage of the opportunity to tell the readers of this BULLETIN something about my *Elizabethan Bibliographies.* Four or five years ago I announced in these pages that I had ready for publication material for an encyclopedic bibliography of everything pertaining to the Elizabethan era, including all the poets, dramatists, essayists, politicians, adventurers novelists, pamphleteers, rascals, etc. I was also planning, on the basis of material I had accumulated during many years of persistent research bibliographies on the language, politics, statesmanship, religion, witchcraft, folklore, law, medicine, architecture, costuming, agriculture, sports, criminology, science, wars, etc., of the period. Foreigners who influenced English life and thought, *e.g.,* Montaigne, Erasmus, Machiavelli, etc., were to be included. The bibliographies dealing with Shakspere were to include references to all published (and much unpublished) material relating to his plays and poems, to adaptations of his works (including translations and burlesques—the two often go together), to musical settings for his songs (and operas based on his plays), to illustrations, to costuming, to stage history and staging, to their influence on succeeding writers, to the editors and their squabbles, to actors in Shakspere's plays and anecdotes and gossip about them, and so forth. I suggested that some university or philanthropist might be interested in financing the publication of this work. As might have been expected, no one responded. Without influence of a certain kind such things do not get done, not in our social system.

Thereupon I consulted a well-known publisher of bibliographies who agreed to bring out the work if I could induce some wealthy individual to subsidize the undertaking. Not being accustomed to begging, I bade the publisher a courteous farewell and decided to become my own publisher. Since that day in 1937 I have published twenty-three bibliographies in seventeen volumes. These include bibliographies of Christopher Marlowe, the first in the series, Ben Jonson, John Fletcher, Francis Beaumont, Philip Massinger Robert Greene, Thomas Dekker, Thomas Heywood, John Lyly, Thomas Lodge, George Peele, Thomas Middleton, Thomas Kyd, John Webster, John Ford and Thomas Nashe. In the Shakspere field there have appeared bibliographies of the *Sonnets,* of *Macbeth,* of *The Merchant of Venice* and *King Lear.* **Within the next few weeks will be published bibliographies of Michael Drayton and Sir Philip Sidney.** These will be followed by *Othello.*

The books, I may say, are beautiful specimens of the bookmaker's art, having been designed by my friend George Grady of the Strawberry Hill Press. The George Banta Publishing Company is sparing no efforts to carry out Mr. Grady's design and to make the books as attractive and as nearly perfect as such books should be. In the compilation and arrangement of the material only the interests and the needs of the scholar, including candidates for college degrees, and producers of the plays have been considered.

The edition is strictly limited to 300 copies of each book; the paper is of a good quality and the binding is substantial and attractive. The printing (inking and presswork) is perfect. The prices of the books are so reasonable that I hope to do no more than to recover the actual cost of printing, binding and mailing.

Because of what I know about the ethics of book reviewing in our day and the motives of the general run of reviewers, I send out no review copies to our learned periodicals.

S. A. T.

A SECOND DANIEL

Editor of the *Bulletin:*

Much Shaksperian criticism is, as you know, absurd, and a large percentage of it is hardly worth the paper, ink and postage necessary to give it publicity. "Which Daniel?" (in the January, 1941, issue of the *Bulletin*) inspires certain comments, which are perhaps superfluous—for, if Mr. Hannigan convinces any reader, that reader is convinced; and if he does not, no harm is done.

Mr. Hannigan overlooks (it seems to me) an important point which modern scholars are likely to overlook: namely, the background of the Elizabethan audience. The people had been long familiar with the story of Susanna and the Elders in art; it was a popular subject; often treated, as any visitor to European galleries must know. And the sixteenth-century public had a memory of *Nice Wanton,* where the Judge is appropriately named Daniel—though Mr. Hannigan, with the "Judgment of Solomon" in mind, might have given him another name.

Whether the Daniel of the Apocrypha is the same as that of the canonical book, or another, is here unimportant. Mr. Hannigan indulges in sarcasm: " 'It is known that the reference [in the play] is not to the canonical Book of Daniel but to the apocryphal History of Susanna,' says [Mr. Gordon's] article. Known to whom, pray? Is the knowledge a secret, held by a select few?" Has Mr. Hannigan forgotten his Rolfe (1880), where in a note to act IV, scene i, we read: "*A Daniel come to judgment.* The allusion is to the History of Susanna, 45: 'The Lord raised up the holy spirit of a young youth, whose name was Daniel,' etc." In verse 50, we find: "God hath given thee the honour of an elder." I am sure that most annotated editions of *The Merchant of Venice* will repeat this note. In Professor Macarthur's *Biblical Literature and Its Backgrounds* (1936), p. 354 f., is noted: "Persons well versed in the Bible, wandering through the art galleries of Europe, have been perplexed by the frequent recurrence of an apparently sacred theme entitled 'The Chaste Susanna,' Susanna and the Elders,' or 'Susanna at the Bath.' It was very popular with the Renaissance painters, who did not find many opportunities in pictures based on Holy Writ, to introduce the undraped female figure. These same Bible students have also wondered about Shylock's commendation of Portia in the words, 'A Daniel come to judgment.' Nothing in the Book of Daniel, as they know it, seems to fit the speech. Both the picture and the saying are explained by this second addition to Daniel.

"It is, like that of David and Bathsheba, a sordid little story . . ." After his cleverness in convicting the Elders, "from that day forth, was Daniel had in great reputation in the sight of the people." (*Cf.* the *History of Susanna,* set apart from the beginning of Daniel, because it is not in the Hebrew, as neither the Narration of *Bel and the Dragon,* verse 64).

Portia, of course, was not really a judge—rather an attorney. The Duke presided at the trial. But like Daniel, (who was attorney for the defence, not a judge, she was interested in seeing justice done—in rescuing the weak from the strong. In Miss Margaret B. Crook's *The Bible and Its Literary Associations* (1937), p. 77, we read: "The Book of Daniel, as we know it, belongs to the three years of the initial struggle under Judas Maccabæus . . . The name 'Daniel' appears in the literature of Ras Shamra as that of the god [more properly, hero] who judges the cause of widows and orphans . . .

In the book of *Ezekiel* [xiv: 14] he is named with Noah and Job as a wise [virtuous] man of old . . . Daniel is associated indifferently with Nebuchadnezzar of Babylon, with Belshazzar, the last of the Babylonian kings [more properly, regent], or with Darius of Persia . . ." And in both the Apocrypha and the canonical book, with Cyrus.

Professor E. E. Stoll, who is one of our soundest Shaksperian scholars, wrote on "Shakespeare's Jew" in the *University of Toronto Quarterly* for January, 1939: *cf.* esp. p. 152: "Of what would the figure of Shylock remind the audience? Of Jews at first hand they may have known little. There were Jews in England, but illegally and by connivance. As I have suggested, he would rather remind them of the precisians and Pharisees in their midst, who 'put on gravity,' were keen on money and, more than other Christians, addicted to usury. They, too, were given to Biblical phrasing and scriptural allusions, preferably of the Old Dispensation . . ." One might add that the Elizabethan had in his background the Herod and Pilate of the miracle-play; the *Play of the Sacrament* (where the Jew is that of Chaucer's Prioress's Tale), the *Jew of Malta* (also a usurer, reminiscent of Greed, one of the Deadly Sins often brought into the morality-play); and the figure of Dr. Lopez. But, as Professor Stoll adds, in the article cited (p. 154): "He [Shylock] is not a fair or faithful presentation of the Jewish type," and "In prejudice he [the Jew] was created . . . for, like every popular artist, especially a dramatist, Shakespeare shared the opinions and morals, the sympathies and antipathies of his public . . ." Shylock has become a "hero" only in modern times.[1]

Were it worth while, we might note unconvincing parallels in Mr. Hannigan's commentary. Portia is not called into her rôle "unexpectedly," for she conceives her plan and puts it into execution with Nerissa (III, iv, 45 f., 81 f.); she does not discover a "forgotten enactment," but, as Bellario's letter makes clear, "we turned o'er many books together. [Balthasar] is furnished with my opinion, which, bettered with his own learning . . . comes with him at my importunity to fill up your Grace's request in my stead." (IV, i, 150 f.) Belshazzar is not made to become a Christian, and Shylock does not die (the Duke gives him his life before he asks it—IV, i, 369); in Shakspere, dreams are neither forgotten nor dreamed; there is no cryptic inscription nor ambiguous legal complex. Daniel Deronda has nothing to do with the question—any more than Samuel Daniel, who was at least familiar to the Elizabethan; no one has suggested that the name "Daniel" was unfamiliar to either Jew or Christian.

Mr. Gordon's paper, which evoked Mr. Hannigan's, pointed out a source behind a source; he mentions no "right" or "wrong" Daniel. I suspect that Mr. Hannigan missed the point of Mr. Gordon's contribution. I might even suggest that Mr. Hannigan had gone into the lion's den, without divine aid.

ROBERT WITHINGTON.
Northampton, Mass.

[1] Cf. *Excursions in English Drama* (1937), esp. pp. 168-173.

THE FENCING MATCH IN *HAMLET*

By ALLAN H. GILBERT

In the *Shakespeare Association Bulletin* for January, 1941, the Editor objects to the explanation of the change of foils given by Mr. Horace S. Craig,[1] and refers to an article by Miss Selma

Guttman, entitled "The Fencing Bout in *Hamlet*," in *The Shakespeare Bulletin*, 14 (1939): 86-100. Having discussed the matter of sword and dagger, Miss Guttman decides that "Shakspere intended the match to be played with rapiers only" (p. 99). In this conclusion she is in agreement with Egerton Castle, who deals with the matter in his *Schools and Masters of Fence* (London, 1885). Castle explains it from the *Traicté contenant les secrets du premier livre sur l'espée, seule*, by Henry de Sainct-Dicier, published at Paris in 1573. The French author mentions various ways of seizing an adversary's sword, and illustrates them by pictures of a combat between the Lieutenant and the Prevost. In explanation of figures he reproduces, Castle writes:

"One of these examples is reproduced here, as it results in the adversaries exchanging swords, an incident which often occurred in rapier-play.[2]

"The Lieutenant, who came on guard left foot foremost, delivers an estoc at the Prevost by passing his right foot forward. The Prevost draws his left foot back, crosses his opponent's sword, fort on faible, nails up, and suddenly bringing his left foot again to the front, seizes the Lieutenant's sword. He keeps his own point menacing his adversary's face, and tries to wrench the sword away. (Fig. 31).

"Voicy la fin de la première prinse presque executée par ledit Prevost deffendeur contre ledit Lieutenant.

"The Lieutenant, thus finding himself in jeopardy, bends his body to the right and brings up his left foot, seizing at the same time the Prevost's hilt round the quillons. (Fig. 32).

"Either party, by twisting the quillons of his adversary's sword, obtains the advantage of leverage over the sword hand. The shortest plan at this juncture is evidently for either to abandon his own sword and continue the fight with that of his opponent, as is shown by figure 33, where the fencers are seen in the act of falling back and passing their rapiers from the left hand to the right."[1]

This exchange is to be expected when both contestants are as skillful as Hamlet and Laertes. When one is more expert than the other, the scene will be similar to that in the fight between Zelmane and Lycurgus described by Sir Philip Sidney; each is armed with a sword suited both for cutting and thrusting and with a shield:

"He striking a maine blow at her head, she warded it with the shield, but so warded, that the shield was cut in two pieces, while it protected her, & withall she ran in to him, and thrusting at his brest, which he put by with his traget, as he was lifting up his sword to strike again, she let fall the piece of her shield, and with her left hand catching his sword of the inside of the pommel, with nimble & strong sleight, she had gotten his sword out of his hand before his sence could convey to his imagination, what was to be doubted. And having now two swords against one shield, meaning not foolishly to be ungrateful to good fortune, while he was no more amazed with his being unweapened, then with the suddainnes thereof, she gave him such a wound upon his head in despite of the shields over-weak resistance, that withal he fel to the ground."[1]

Any reader of *Hamlet* who insists that the fight is with rapier and dagger can assume that Laertes and the Prince abandoned their daggers as Zelmane did her shield.

Duke University.

---

[1] "Dueling Scenes and Terms in Shakespeare's Plays," in *University of California Publications in English*, vol. 9, no. 1, pp. 1-28. Mr. Craig gives a bibliography in footnote 1.

[2] "Shakespeare shows himself as well acquainted with the art of fence as with most other subjects in his stage directions concerning the fencers in the last act of *Hamlet*" (Castle's note).

[1] P. 59. On p. 74 Castle reproduces a plate from Joachim Meyer's *Gründliche Beschreibung der Freyen, Ritterlichen und Adelichen Kunst der Fechtens* (Strasburg, 1670), showing several pairs of fencers. In each of two of the pairs one contestant is grasping his adversary's hilt.

[1] *Arcadia, Cambridge*, 1922, pp. 514-5 (book 3, chap. 28).

HOW MUCH OF SHAKSPERE DID VOLTAIRE KNOW?

The latest and one of the most readable of the numerous biographies of Voltaire gives rise to a question when it makes the assertion that Voltaire apparently knew only six of the plays of Shakspere.[1] The statement would seem incredible in light of the fact that the French critic was one of the greatest deprecators of Shakspere that literary criticism has known. It is logical to expect that a person of Voltaire's genius and erudition would exhaust all materials available in the hope of obtaining evidence to support his contention that Shakspere was a "grossier buffon." In fact, a thorough survey of the fifty-two volumes of Voltaire's works shows that he knew twelve plays by Shakspere instead of just six. However, his knowledge of these plays was, in most cases, superficial. A number of them were studied merely for the purpose of amassing evidence of the vulgarity and obscenity of the English bard.

The Shaksperian plays alluded to by Voltaire, with the location of the references in the Moland edition, are as follows:

Julius Caesar is reworked as *la Mort de César,* III, 322-366; it is translated, VII, 439-483; and it is referred to in many places.

Hamlet is summarized in *du Théâtre Anglais,* XXIV, 193-200, and is referred to countless times.

Macbeth is compared with the *Medée* in *Commentaires sur Corneille,* XXXI, 197; it is referred to in many places, especially in letters to M. Duclos on December 25, 1761, and January 20, 1762; the drunken porter scene is harshly criticized in the *Lettre à l'Académie Française,* XXX, 354.

Othello is discussed and mentioned a great many times, *e.g.,* XXII, 149, XXIV, 298-311; XXV, 159.

Richard III is treated in a letter to Madame la Marquise du Déffant, December 9, 1670, XLI, 91.

Romeo and Juliet is referred to in the *Lettre à l'Académie Française,* wherein part of the first scene is translated, XXX, 360-361; Ducis's translation is referred to as having been read in letters to M. le Comte d'Argental, September 5 and October 21, 1772, XLVIII, 164 and 192, and to M. Marmontel, November r, 1772, XLVIII, 209.

King Lear is discussed in the *Lettre à l'Académie Française,* and a number of the speeches are translated, XXX, 362.

Henry V has part of Act V, Scene ii, translated in *Art Dramatique,* XVII, 400-402; in the same essay the fourth scene of Act III is discussed; and in the *Lettre à l'Académie Française,* certain speeches are translated and discussed, XXX, 354.

Antony and Cleopatra has forty lines translated in the *Art Dramatique,* XVII, 399-400; the seventh scene of Act II is treated, and part of it is translated, in the *Lettre à l'Académie Française,* XXX, 368.

Troilus and Cressida is referred to in the *Lettre à l'Académie Française,* wherein scene i of Act I, scene viii of Act V, and fourteen lines of the seventh scene of Act V are translated.

Henry IV, Part II, is commented upon in a footnote in *l'Homme au Quarante Écus,* XXI, 366. An entire speech by Falstaff is translated.

Coriolanus is mentioned briefly in the preface to *Oedipe,* II, 49.

PERCY G. ADAMS.

Austin, Texas.

[1] George Brandes, *Voltaire,* translated by O. Kruger and P. Butler (N. Y., Tudor Publishing Co., 1934), p. 191.

EDITORIAL NOTES AND COMMENTS

By S. A. T.

THE AMERICAN SHAKSPERE

We are in receipt of ten volumes of a new edition of Shakspere's plays and poems, published by Ginn and Company, of Boston, which we propose to call 'the American Shakspere' because it is edited by a genuine as well as distinguished American scholar and teacher, George Lyman Kittredge, and in the American manner, that is, without the humbug, the fol-de-rol and the blare of trumpets characteristic of recent English editions. The books are free from nonsense about Shakspere's imagery and from absurdities masquerading as 'bibliography.' The volumes now at hand deal with *The Tempest, As You Like It, A Midsummer Night's Dream, Much Ado About Nothing, Henry IV (Part I), Romeo and Juliet, Julius Caesar, Antony and Cleopatra, King Lear, and Macbeth.* The books are beautifully printed, on sufficiently heavy paper not to permit annoying 'look-through,' cloth bound, of convenient pocket size (7" x 5"), and selling for only 65c a piece. Each play is preceded by a brief but adequate and wholly original introduction, and is followed by many pages of commentary, illustrative notes and paraphrases. These are succeeded by textual notes and a glossarial index.

The distinguishing feature of this edition is the sturdy common sense of the paraphrastic equivalents of Elizabethan idioms. Professor Kittredge's wide reading in Elizabethan letters and his great acquaintance with the classics stand him in good stead, even though now and then he is inclined to over-elaborate the classical allusions and parallels. All who know Dr. Kittredge know, of course, that he has his quirks—and whose blood and passion are so well commingled that he has not? These will not be too astonished to find him maintaining, for example, that Macbeth and his fiend-like queen had *not* discussed the disposing of Duncan before the opening of the play, and that King Lear (suffering from 'feverous delirium') is not insane but his Fool is. In view of the many good things to be found in this edition, we can overlook these eccentricities. When all is said, we are all human. Compared with some recent dark stars in the Elizabethan welkin, this Kittredge star sticks fiery off indeed.

The novice wandering in the Shaksperian jungle will do well to be guided by his light—if he watches his step.

SHAKSPERE IN RUSSIA

'Shakspere in the Russian theatre' is a series of books of which the first, dealing with Alexander Ostuzhev in the role of Othello (*Ostuzhev Otello*) was published in Moscow in 1938. It is a nicely-printed paper-covered booklet of 76 pages and consists of four chapters: A study of the play by M. M. Morozov; Ostuzhev as Othello, by S. E. Redlov; and the production of the play, by A. D. Gotlib. A portrait of Ostuzhev, in colors and in costume, serves as a frontispiece.

The second book in the series deals with *Ira Aldridge,* the distinguished American negro actor. This is a well-bound book of 190 pages, published in 1940. It consists of eleven chapters, by S. Durylin, discussing Aldridge's theatrical career in America, Germany, England, and Russia. Other

chapters deal with his performances as Shylock, King Lear, Macbeth and Othello, and his art in general. Three pages are devoted to his appearances in non-Shaksperian comedies. Ten inserted plates, including a frontispiece portrait (in collotype) and a facsimile, illustrate the commentary.

The third book, also published in 1940, is entitled, in Russian, *The Taming of the Shrew in the Central Theatre of the Red Army,* is a well-printed and paper-bound booklet of 88 pages. It consists of five chapters by as many writers. The first, by M. M. Morozov, discusses the comedy; the second, by A. D. Popov, discusses the servants in the play; the fourth, by G. N. Boyadzhiev, the manner of producing *The Taming,* and the last, by N. Shifrin—the artist who has illustrated the book with ten beautiful colored plates showing costumes and stage sets—deals with the problems of the illustrator.

The books are published in Moscow by the Government Press and under the general editorship of Mr. M. M. Morozov.